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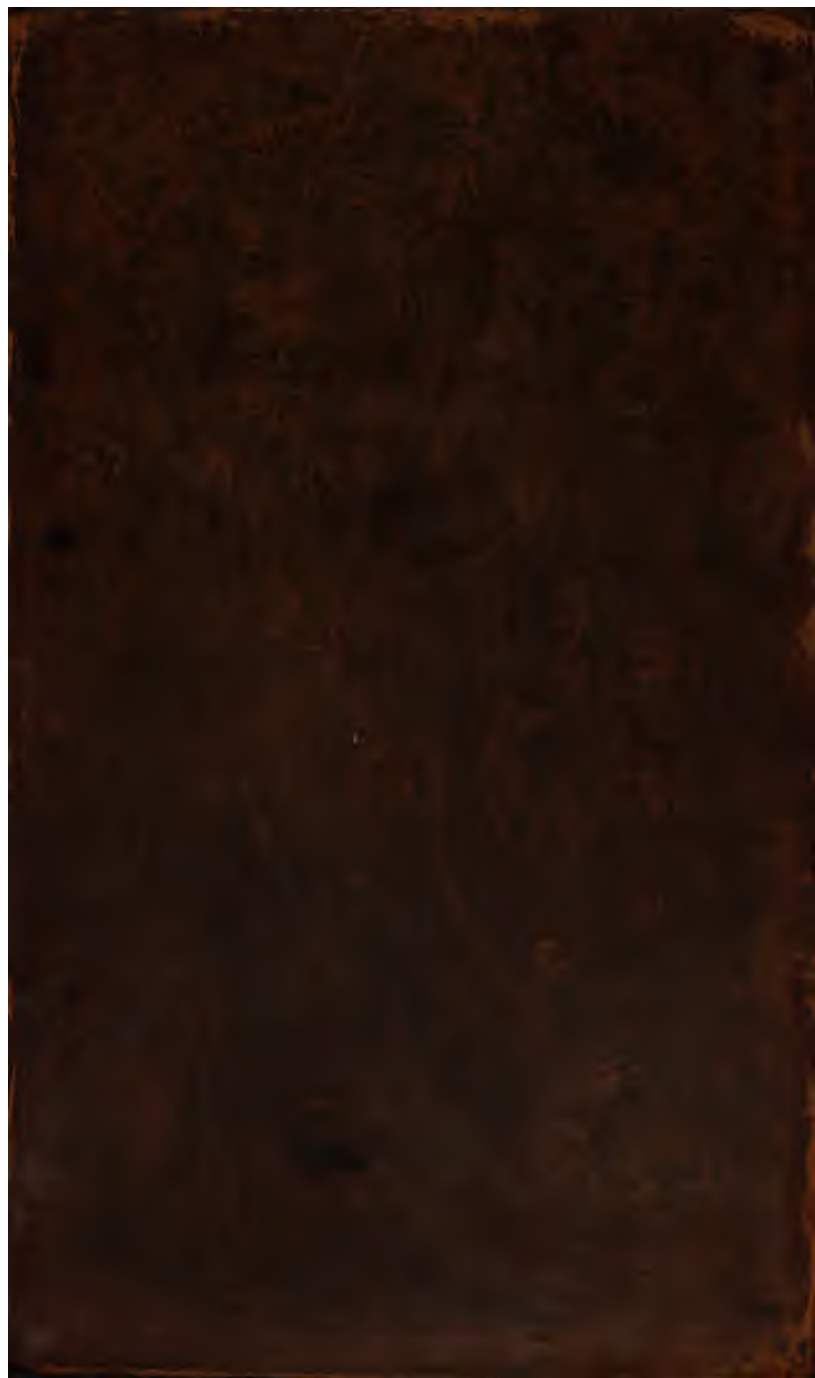
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W Hart

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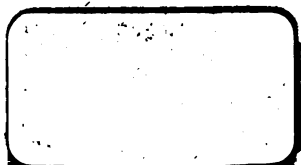


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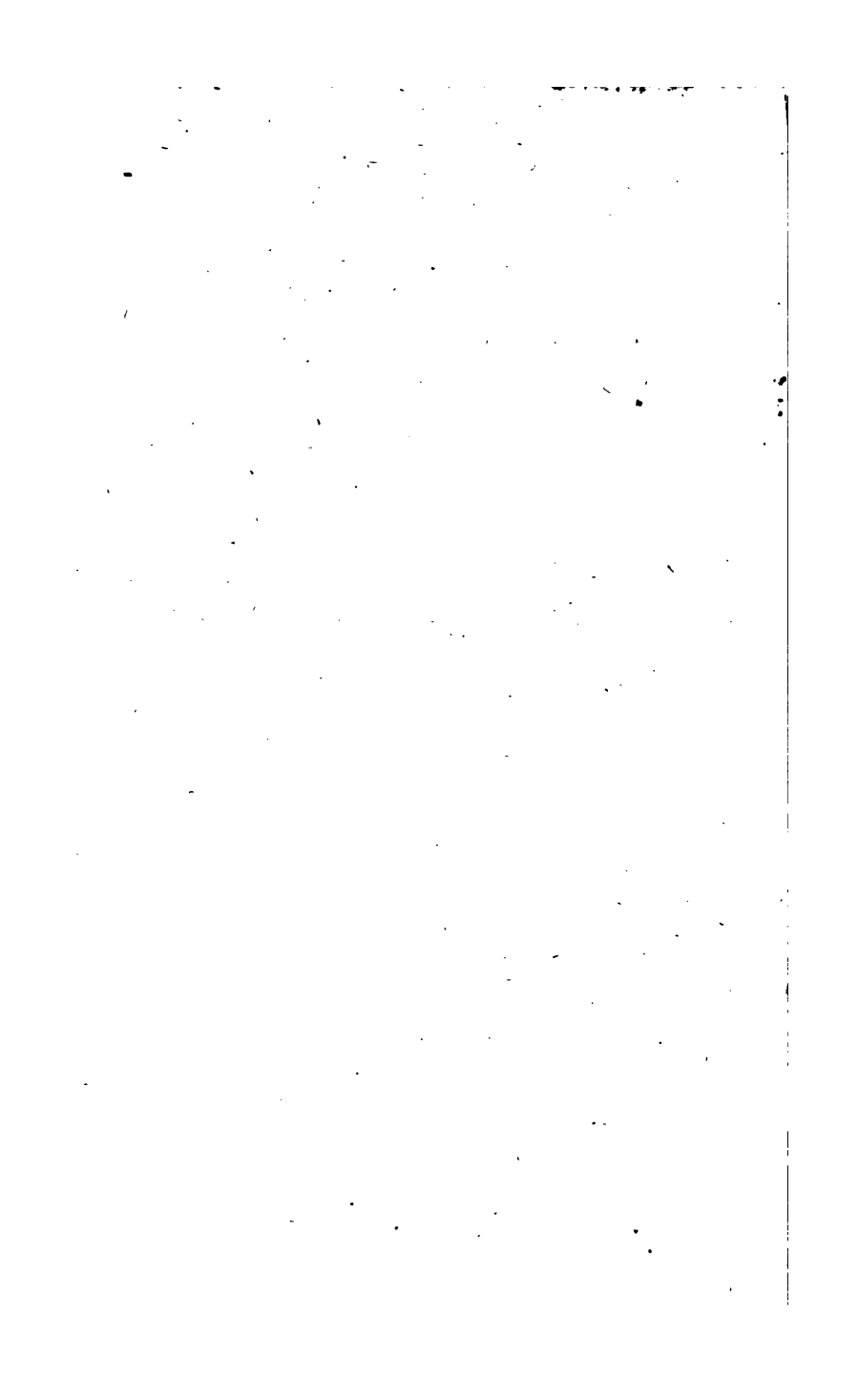
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FARTHER EXCURSIONS
OF THE
OBSERVANT PEDESTRIAN,
EXEMPLIFIED
IN A

Tour to Margate.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

By the Author of the "Observant Pedestrian," in two volumes,
"Mystic Cottager," "Montrose," &c.

VOL. III.



"Laugh at the Jests or Pranks that never fail,
"Or sigh with Pity at some mournful Tale,
"Or press the bashful Stranger to his Food,
"And learn the Luxury of doing Good,"



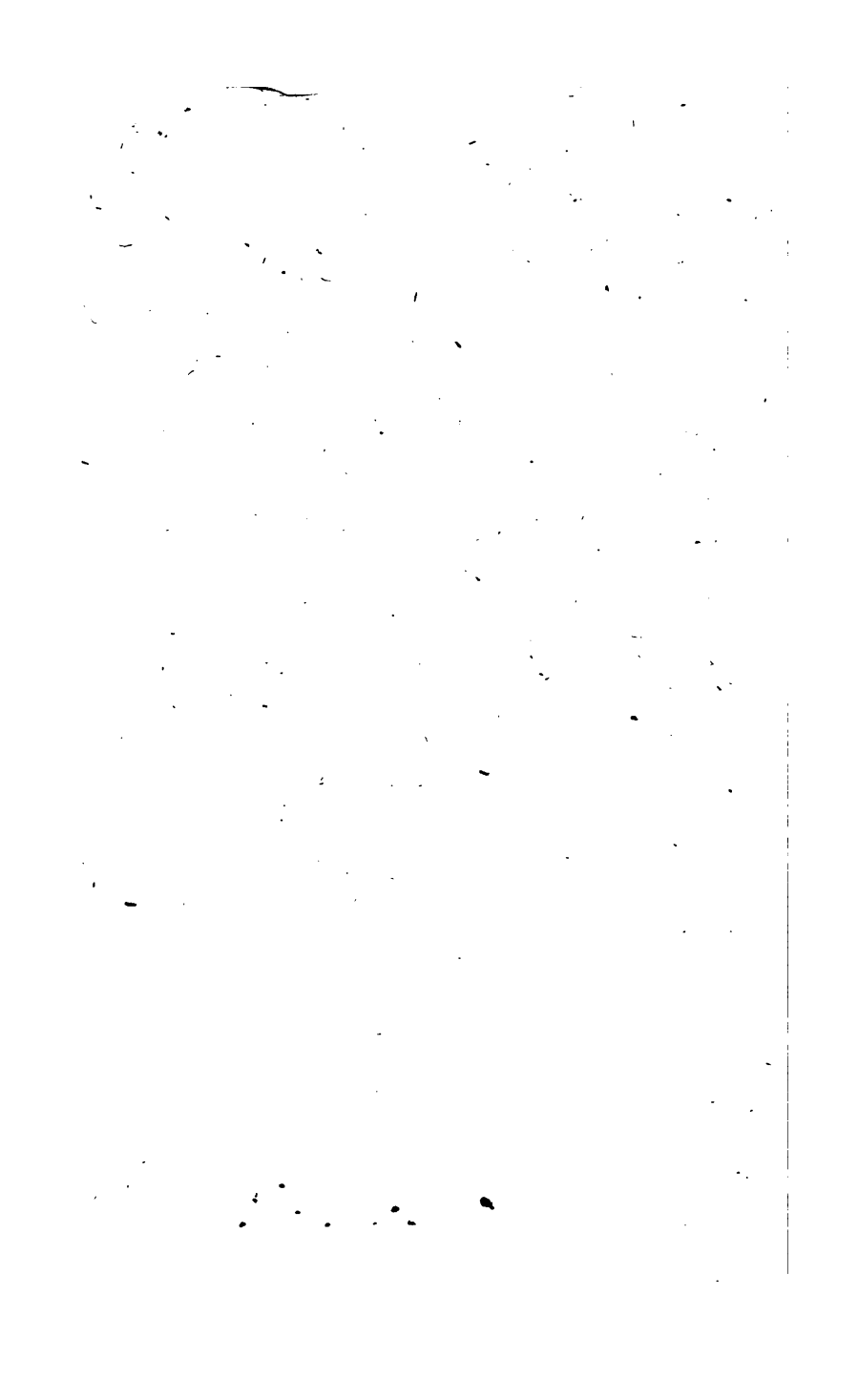
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FARTHER EXCURSIONS
OF THE
OBSERVANT PEDESTRIAN.

A DISSERTATION ON NOTHING.

AFTER having partaken my dinner, I determined on a gentle walk up to the prospect house, where it was said a bowling match was to be played at five o'clock; so, off I set, with Trudge, to pass an hour, before it was necessary to make my entree at the coffee-rooms.

Here I found a small group of bowlers assembled, in a smoking party, half *cherry-merry*.

VOL. III.

B

"Suppose,"

"Suppose," says a little stumpy man, "suppose we *takes* a peep through the spy-glass;—its a clear *arternoon*, and we shall be well entertained, no doubt, while the table's clearing away, and the bowls getting ready."

The requisition was immediately assented to, and they walked into the prospect-house, where, the glass being affixed, the senior of the group took his station; and screwing up one eye in horrible grimace, applied the other to the examination of perspective curiosities.

"Well, what d'ye see?" asked an impatient peeper.

"Oh, beautiful! — capital! — wonderful!"

"Well, but what d'ye see?"

"*Nothing.*"

"*Nothing.*"

"Nothing!—That's curious enough."

"No, I can *see nothing*—but its a beautiful sight — its admirable to a degree."

"Stand out of the way," cried the enquirer; "let me look. Dámme, I can see *nothing*—nothing upon the face of God's earth."

"If you can see any thing upon God's water, its as much as you can expect," said a witty cit, winking his knowing eye. "Can't you see France, nor the Needles?"

"No, nor the *pins*, neither. I tell you again, I can see *nothing*."

"Well, let's have a peep at it," said a third. "What's it like?"

Twirling round the unsuccessful gazer, he instantly applied his ocular demonstrator.

"Come, Jack, what can you find out?"

"Oh, I agree with the rest—I can see *nothing*." Then, kneeling down to clear his view, "Oh, yes!" he exclaimed, "now I have it; I can see a man;—oh, no, it i'n't—its *nobody*—its a mistake;—its some rock, I suppose, for its as dark as the black regions."

"If *nobody* can't see *nothing*, let me look," said a tall, sallow complexioned man, with goggling, black eyes. "I'm very far-sighted—I was always our family *perspector*." The

The peering man of ability cocked his eyes in every direction, but it was of no use.

“ There’s *nothing* to be seen, plain enough. I never was so capped in all my life; there’s neither the coast nor the main, nor the Needles, nor even the sky, or else I’m as blind as a mole.”

“ Gentlemen,” said I, “ if you have all gratified your curiosity, will you permit me to pass my judgment; for, as you have all seen *nothing* so plainly, I should like a peep at such an article.” Saying which, I began to examine the telescope; and finding some wags had purposely drawn the brass cap over the end, I was at no loss to account for what had passed. However, as they were not astronomers sufficient to discover the cause of *seeing nothing*, I determined not

to explore the hoax till I had bantered them a little longer.

"There, now, *Mister*; yonder's a vessel in full sail," cried one, lolling out of the window.

"Yes," said I; "and the captain, who is walking deck, is a very handsome man, too."

"Why, how, can you see him?" asked they, in general clamour. "How should you see clearer than us—we *saw nothing*?"

"Then you saw more than any telescope on earth ever shew me," answered I; "for though, at this moment, I can discern every feature of the seaman, I do say, the man who swears he can *see nothing*, tells an infamous falsehood.—I defy your words, gentlemen."

"Well,

PEDESTRIAN.

"Well, don't let's wrangle, its no object," replied another.

"There I agree with you, Sir; *nothing* cannot possibly be an object in any sense of the word, though your assertion may in one respect be admissible; because the cap of the glass being drawn over the optic, *nothing* was to be seen; whereas it being now properly adjusted, you may all be gratified in five minutes."

"Pray, Sir, are you a philosopher?" asked one of the party, with an arch sneer.

"No," replied I; "but I trust I possess a sufficient portion of sagacity never to look for an object in the *dark*, and complain of *not finding* it."

"Well, we've had a long bother about *nothing*, so now let's talk about something,"

thing," said the president. "D—~~I~~ take the spy-glass, its made fools of us all. Come, who's for a sixpenny touch? —the bowls are ready."

The party, leering very sheepishly at me, did not seem to wait a second invitation, and as they brushed off to their diversion one way, I betook myself to the coffee-room, to lounge over the news.

A DASH.

A DASHER.

SCARCE had I taken the paper in my hand, when a prodigious bustle at the door made me raise my eyes, and to my astonishment, in stalked an old acquaintance, followed by two young ladies.

The evident embarrassment she laboured under, as she stood twirling her fan, with a foolish gaze, and crimson cheek, obliged me, in civility, to rise—welcome her arrival—and offer my services.

“La! how unlucky we are to-night, Sir; why there’s no body here. I thought we should have no luck when I saw the

dung-cart at the door, for I had given orders to our coachman, Joe, to drive up with a *dash*, to let the folks know somebody of consequence was coming; instead of which, we crept along the whole length of the street, after a loaded waggon, and was obliged, at last, to get out of the carriage two doors off, on account of the dung-cart. How provoking, after dressing ourselves and thinking we should drop in at a genteel late hour. Oh! I do love to set a whole room full of company in a bustle—I would not give a farthing to wedge in in a crowd—I love to attract attention, it commands respect, and that makes one an object of consequence. In short, I had sooner be overturned, break my Paradise plume, or lose a diamond ear-ring, than not have my arrival noticed; besides, one is placed in a conspicuous corner in the Oracle of Fashion next morning, and that's the delight

delight of my heart. We have not been arrived from London above three hours; however, I'll not stay here."

"Will you not join the assembly? 'Tis a public night."

"Is it, indeed! Well, how ridiculous of the people not to tell us.—Do let's drive back. I'll slip on my *silver net*, my *Paradise-plume*, and my *jewels*, and we'll lounge in, in style, depend upon it; and if you think there'll be any reels, I'll sport my *gold-clocked stockings*, and my *brilliant rosets*."

Struck dumb with astonishment, I had no power to answer this high-flown lady's interrogation; who, habited in the treasures of Paradise and Golconda, was no other than the wife of an obscure shop-keeper in the city, whom she had left

nailed to his counter, and superintendent of the grubby brats she so repeatedly neglected, to launch into the fashionable levities she was never destined to adorn.

“Thou hadst better go back,” thought I, “and mend thy husband’s stockings of *worsted*, ornamented with *clocks* of *mud*—boast of no other jewels than thy *children*; and, instead of exulting in a Paradise-plume, be contented with the sable pageant, that will *one day* wave over thy unambitious head, and leave the world to judge which best becomes the prudent wife.”

“But there are so few, now-a-days,” says the cynic; “extravagance and envy so over-rule economy, that the toilet of a city dame claims pre-eminence of the peeress’s dressing-room.”

Now,

Now,

Now,

Now, when Providence blesses me with a rib, I trust she will neither be warped by folly or fashion, but ever preserve that elegant model of neatness and gentility that ever impresses the beholder to respect her in the character of a *true gentlewoman*.

After handing the ladies into their carriage, I finished my paper, and returning to the hotel to adorn, not absolutely to *clean* myself, I sallied, about nine o'clock, into the assembly, where the dancers were footing it in high glee.

edit deponit legum puzat. edit de.

ANNO

AN

AN ELASTIC CAP.

HERE I found several acquaintances, newly arrived from the smoky region of the metropolis, to study the inconvenience and expence every traveller submits to, with such eager avidity.

“How d’ye do?—Here we are!—When did you come?—How long do you stay?—Do you bathe?—What beautiful weather!—Very full this season!—Will you air to-morrow, in my currie?” &c. &c. were the catch sentences of the moment, *en passant*.

At length, having ranged through the
room,

room, I took my seat in an upper corner, by the side of an old friend, from whose whispered converse I gleaned several useful hints on the following topics :—

“ Know you these women, so profusely bedecked,” said he, “ training such abundance of gold ornament, and costly lace after them, with all the hauteur of *non chalante* majesty—They look like perfect moving regalias, just landed from the tower. Observe the gold chains which deck their waists and bosoms, and the crested plumes that wave upon their heads; and when I tell you, that not a twelve-month since, no feather *pillowed* those heads, and no chain but the iron fetter of poverty bound those hands, think you their present appearance *consistent* with the rules of decency and propriety? Alas! can the human heart so soon brave its cicatrized wound to the second lacerating

rating shaft of misfortune? or has nature formed them without a conscience? Poor frail mortals! with what microscopic eyes are all your errors inspected through the medium of your own self-condemning appearance! Think ye not, that the heart may be analyzed by the scrutiny of its actions? If so, mark well, and regulate the follies of the head, that it stamp no deeper impression to vitiate those hearts Heaven once endowed with the refining properties of sensibility, to render them eminently estimable; and when the bosom of pity bleeds for the imprudences of such hapless beings, may that faithful drop animate the dormant principles of reformation."

"You astonish me," said I. "But let us turn the subject to some other object." Observe the vile dancing of that little *fantastic* woman with the *red picked* *nose*."

"That's

“That’s a self-created beauty-spot,” answered he; “a stain, produced by the effects of *snuff* and *brandy*, over which her *adder’s* tongue retails *scandalous propagations* at the expence of her neighbours; founded alone on *envy*, and raised by the chimeras of her ignorant brain; till truth, indignantly spurning the baseless fabric, crushes the *corroding reptile* beneath the ruins of her own report. Medusa, thy snakes possess no power of venom o’er an innocent object; for the heart of integrity, like theegis of Minerva, will ever be invulnerable to the arrows of calumny.”

While we were talking, in lounged the netted dasher, with her Paradise-plume, and dovey diamonds, nodding and bobbing to *every body*, for *notoriety* sake.

Twice she bent to a *man of distinction*, who disclaimed all knowledge of such a pleb.;

pleb.; when somebody observing she strongly resembled Mrs. Powell, "Pooh," returned he, "that woman never *trod* the *boards*—there's no more action or grace about her than an old mill-horse.—She has no theatrical *veins*—and as to *high birth*, or *blood*, unless she was born in a *garret*, or was the daughter of a *butcher*, she can have no plea of pretension, depend upon it."

"Pray," said I, "who is that fine tall officer, yonder?"

"Oh! he's a knowing one, who *can* breathe as loving a whisper into the ear of a *mob-cap* as a diamond turban, for the silver checkered robe of a duchess, or the blue checked apron of a scullion, are to him *equally attractive* in a dark corner; though he can laugh, talk, banter, frame a *bon mot* with convivial pertinacity, to
the

the entertainment of the best company; when he pleases to put on his agreeable humour. Few men know more of the world; and if he don't improve by that knowledge, 'twill be his own fault."

"And know you who that man is in the snug flaxen wig?" asked I.

"Alas! to my sorrow—he has proved himself a *false friend*. Name him not, his *conscience*, in my *presence*, is so severe a monitor, that he needs no farther punishment; and while he experiences from my *contempt* the retaliation he merits, I am amply satisfied that the *camelion* changed his colour so soon, to convince me of his instability, before he possessed the power of inflicting a deeper injury; for in my opinion, the bosom of friendship, that is lacerated by *decoit*, retains a cankerous wound, that when cicatrized by time, leaves

leaves a scar invulnerable to a *second* poignard; I have therefore rooted the poisonous weed from my bosom long since, and the present sterility of its soil would never more permit the obnoxious sprig to flourish with its wonted bloom; let it therefore *wither unnoticed*, amid the chilling blight its own capricious nature inhaled."

"Thou art in a moralizing mood, my friend," replied I.

"No more so than the nature of the subject enforces," returned he. "But here comes another man of perplexity, in whose house every thing is said to be *sour*, *except* the *vinegar*; or, in other words, every thing that ought to afford him pleasure is just the reverse; his wife's a *termagant*—his daughters are *flaunty*—his sons, *gamblers* and *spendthrifts*—his
rich

rich old Jamaica uncle, of everlasting pedigree, is at the age of ninety-six, still invulnerable to the scythe of time, although prayers have been offered in the church, repeatedly for the peace of that soul who never let others rest; and what with the exigence of the times abroad, and the wranglesome squad he has to deal with at home, he lives in the continual fume of *horse-radish* and *mustard*. Nothing springs around him but the seeds of discontent, and the thread of his life was certainly composed of the *shreds* of *silk* and *worsted*, which the fates, out of economy, wove together at his birth, and thus the united twist has galled and fretted him ever since."

"What a pitiable being!" said I.

"And yet," rejoined he, "his brow might be smoothed of many wrinkles, if his
his

his temper was but improvable, for one half of his vexations arise from his irritability and obstinacy ; and if a man cannot govern his own passions, he can entertain little hope of conquering similar vices in others."

We had sat an hour moralizing on this theme, when the intrusion of an additional companion broke the knotted thread of this instructive subject. To enumerate all the quizzes, tabbies, giggling girls, silly boys, gamblers, fortune-hunters, &c. &c. that composed the motley squad, would be irksome to the reader ; I shall therefore leave him to fancy the picture in all the variety of objects and colouring his own ideas can possibly portray, and it will not exceed the ludicrous original caricature mixture.

THE READY PENNY.

HAVING overslept myself next morning, after the revelry of the assembly, I had only time to take a short walk before breakfast. Now, as I partly expected a letter of odds and shorts from Susan's pen, I stopped at the post-office to enquire for it.

The usual little board was hung up at the window, to denote the letters were not ready; but an impatient girl, who had been watching and tapping half an hour in expectation of a billet-doux from her party-coloured swain, stood chinking her ready pence, and complaining how shamefully tedious the people were.

“ Thus

"Thus it is," said I, "that no man meets more *smiles* than a post-man—no man's rap so soon attended—no payment so *cheerfully* made. A post-man is a perfect walking museum, exciting the most interesting curiosity; every day loaded with fresh treasures—food for the mind—food for the heart—and, occasionally, food for the pocket."

"Come, I wish you'd make haste," again repeated the girl.

"Patience is a virtue," answered a gruff voice from within the slip window.

"Hang patience and virtue, too," cried the girl, "I care for *neither*, so long as I get my dear letter. Come, where is it?—Hand it me through the hole. Here's your money—it's been ready this half hour, all of the best, for you."

"Then

“Then you never cheat the post-man with a bad halfpenny, my girl?”

“Oh! no, for my own sake I don’t do that, because I know he’d make me change it, and that would take longer time before I could open my letter.”

“That’s policy,” replied I—“there you’re a girl of judgment.”

“Well then, really,” replied she, “there’s nobody I love to see so well as the post-man and the pedlar; and how them there two men do whisk the money out of we girls pockets.”

“And if you did not love to see *somebody else* occasionally,” said I, “where would the pleasure rise in breaking a seal?”

“ Oh! — *aye* — yes — undoubtedly — to be sure — certainly — very true; a letter from one person’s *one thing*, and a letter from another person’s *another thing*.”

During the recital of this curious answer, an old woman stepped up on the same errand, and appearing both tired and covered in dust, she squatted herself on the step.

“ Lord! what a melt I’m in,” cried she, wiping her face, and fanning herself with a snuff-crumpled pocket-handkerchief. “ I have walked three miles after this letter,” continued she, “ but I expect the contents will pay me pretty well — yes, yes, if it has but a *black seal*, I shan’t grudge the cost of it.”

“ You’re the first person,” said I,
“ I ever

"I ever heard wish for such a sorrowful messenger."

"Oh!" replied she, "its what I've been wishing for these twenty years; 'tis about the death of a stingy, rich, old devil, that can't prevent us from a little estate that is our due when he *haps the twig*; and as we heard he was dead, my son's gone to *Lunnan* to learn the rights on't."

At this moment the portentous window opened, and the eager girl advanced to give her address.

"Here's no such name," said the man. The girl changed colour, pouted, and walked off, with her handful of *hot* half-pence.

"Never mind," said I, patting her
E 2 shoulder,

shoulder, "no news is better than bad news;" but the disconcerted girl heeded me not; and the old woman's clamour about a *large* letter with a *black* seal, now drew my attention to her.

"Here's never a larger than this," said the post-man, handing her a *two-inch* diameter note, closed with a *red wafer*.

"Hey day! deuce take such a scrap—'tis Bob's writing, however, and I suppose he's only had time to say *all's over*, and maybe, in the flurry, they might not have a black wafer in the house neither; so now for the news."

So wiping her spectacles on the corner of her apron, that she might see doubly clear, she began perusing about four *zig-zag* lines, when in a moment she rent it to atoms, and stamped it under her feet.

"You

"You seem flurried, dame," said I.

"Oh, c—e him," muttered she, between her gnashing teeth; "instead of being dead and out of the way, the old beast's *married* to a *young girl*, and Bob's coming home a Friday. Oh! that I should be so deceived—Oh! that I should be ass enough to walk three miles, and pay seven-pence, for such infernal news. I wish she may cuckold him, that I do, to my soul, and bring him to a morsel of bread in a jail: Lord, I'd walk barefoot to *Lunnun* to grin at him through the prison bars, and then I should have my revenge."

"Its not very agreeable news," said I; "but it's nothing at all uncommon, its a sort of fashionable hoax; a man buries his wife one week, goes a *courting* the *second*, *marries* the *third*, and is
c 3 ready

ready to hang himself the fourth—that's life—that's stile—that's the way to make good for trade, its all one to a parson whether he buries or marries, so long as he has his fee."

"I told my son Bob by all means to get him a patent coffin as screws up double, somehow, that he might not get out again, and come to life; but little did I think of this pretty concern. So now we may starve in the midst of plenty, another and another seven years, I suppose; and if a young squatter should come forth, we're dished completely. I only hope she'll cuckold him—I wish his horns may grow into the corners of his mouth like our old bull's, an ugly nasty old fright, he's as like the d—l as possible, he's got such picked-pointed ears, and lanthorn jaws. However, I don't care, that I don't—I—I don't mind it at all, that I don't."

and

No

No, no! it sha'n't vex and flurry me—
I'm in no flurry, not I—I won't think
about it.—It shall never cause me a tear,
while I can help it—No, I don't mind
it—I feel I don't—I, I, I,—Oh! Oh!
Oh! my poor full heart—pity me, some-
body, do only pity me, and I shall be
better.”

Here the old woman's voice failed with
her courage, and she sobbed as audibly
as *Lady Del Snip*. How I could have
chuckled, if I dared, at the old woman's
hoax, as she sat smearing her tears off
upon the corner of her apron.

“Aye,” continued she, muttering to
herself in the key *B flat*, “I may go
home now and botch my old rags over
again, for I shall have no new black
gown after all my schemes; so I might
as well never have thought about it.”

"But perhaps you may have some handsome wedding present," said I, by way of consoling her chagrin.

"I'd rather have a present of a black gown than any other from him, I assure you. Mine's a very *shagreen* case, whatever you may think of it," whimpered she; "but its no use sitting fretting here, so I'll *comfort* myself with a *pinch of snuff*, and go home again. How my Nancy will stare, when she sees me come back without the *black gown*, for I come over on purpose to buy it, as soon as I had Bob's letter. Well, I must budge my stumps, and not stand argufying. I did think to have been *a bit of a lady*, come the *dog-days*; now I must turn into the harvest fields, and work like a *slaving turkey*."

"All's for the best," said I.

"I'll

"I'll never believe that," replied the old woman, "for I've been starving these seven years, and working the flesh off my bones for nothing, and that can't be for the best. Well, Sir, your servant, and wishing you may never be a *poor toad* under a rich man's *harrow*, as I have been."

"Thank you, good woman; and may you be able to sport a black gown, and be a lady, next dog-days."

"God grant it," replied she, hobbling off on her oak stick, with a heart heavier than her pocket.

Oh, what a blessing is independence! Happy the man whom Providence enables to earn his own pittance, and enjoy its sweets. But how many hapless dependents are there, who, like this woman,

have been raised to the pinnacle of hope, and plunged into the abyss of despair, when fortune's golden vision has escaped their grasp. Place not your dependence on *man*—trust only to your own stability, and when fortune strews her unexpected treasures in your lap, be grateful to the hand and heart that bestowed it.

It was now my turn to enquire for Susan's letter: perhaps, thought I, *she* may surprize me with a wedding, who knows? So paying the man for the precious billet, I walked slowly away with my prize.

SUSAN'S

SUSAN'S LETTER.

"HONOURED AND *obliged* SIR,

"THIS comes with my duty to you,
 "and my love to Trudge, hoping you
 "are *both charming*, as *I am* at this pre-
 "sent writing. Nothing ha'n't happen-
 "ed to nobody, so I can't send no news,
 "only I *gratulates* your honour upon
 "poor Phillis having *happily* got five
 "beautiful *kittens*, three *he's* and two
 "*she's*; and so, if you don't come home
 "soon to drown them, they may grow as
 "big as *Sin Pawl's*; and as old as Adam,
 "for me, for I could not kill a live crea-
 "ture, if I was to die; so I've plenty of
 "*company* all day, and at night I reads

“ my bible, and says my prayers, and
“ then I don't fear no harm happening;
“ but I shall be very happy to see your
“ honour and poor Trudge safe home
“ again, that I shall; and I trust, in God's
“ blessing, you'll find all *fair* and *square*,
“ when you come back. And so no more
“ at present, from your most dutifullest,
“ And most lovingest,
“ Humble Servant,
“ SUSAN THRIFTY.”

This is live-stock intelligence with a vengeance, said I to myself, smiling at the idea of Susan wishing me to hasten home for the purpose of committing murder on a couple of brace of harmless kittens:—a pretty errand, truly. No, no; what with her bible, and the superintendence of her young nursery, Susan will go on vastly fair and square, no doubt, without me; and the important massacre shall be

be adjudged to some more hardened heart than mine; so let them frisk over the shining kitchen floor-cloth, to the diversion of their tender nurse, for I'll not interrupt their innocent sport.

Musing on this *cat-congratulation*, I was turning my step home to breakfast, when my attention was fixed on such a scene as would render a savage a convert to humanity; for 'twas a fellow christian perishing with hunger, an aged offspring of misery, in the character of a mendicant.

tuals, tied up in a large sheet of paper, and a mug of beer.

The famished man received it with grateful thanks, and drawing forth two large pieces of bread, devoured them also in the same eager manner; and with miserly caution, lest the treasure should be pilfered, he lifted his ragged hat—drew off his greasy woollen night-cap—and tucking the precious fragments into it, by way of a bag, fastened it with a pin off his sleeve, and laid it by the side of his crutches.

The removal of his cap had let down so profuse a quantity of matted black hair, that it covered his face and shoulders with the terrific appearance of a savage; but when he twisted it up, and replaced it under his hat, his countenance was
not



not uninteresting ; for though his beard was grey and bristly—his jaw toothless — and his cheek hollow and wrinkled, it still retained impressive traces, that denoted it was a blighted blossom, withered by the chilling winter of misfortune ; for his eyes were dark and penetrating, and the contour of his features had evidently *once* been fascinating.

He was preparing to rise, having fastened the loaded night-cap to his button-hole, and was resuming his crutches, when I thus addressed him :—

“ Son of misery, who art thou ? Whence dost thou come ? Rest yet one moment, and resolve those questions thy unexampled actions have inspired ; for I have marked thee bless the christian who has fed thee with the offal of the brute.—Oh ! Heaven, reveal the awful truth

truth to pity's ear. Say, art thou famished? Hast thou no home?—no friend?”

The beggar dropped his head—clasped his hands—groaned a convulsive sigh, but replied not.

Again I urged the subject—he started—gazed on me with maniac glance; and raising one hand, which he laid on his bosom,

“*I am* a wretch,” cried he, “a starving child of misery, who has not tasted food since yester-morn; yet I am no whining beggar, though ’tis not that I scorn to ask, but I have not deserved the bounty. Death would be a mercy, but that’s not for me. Question me not, for reflection is madness. I was not always what I am, yet what I am I ever must remain. When you, kind stranger, feel the scourge of conscience,

conscience, learn to pity human frailty. I, like thyself, was happy once, and affluence showered her treasure on the roof of peace—the sun-beam of prosperity gilded the days of love and innocence—my spring of life was strewn with flowers, but its winter is indeed a labyrinth of thorns.”

“Alas!” said I, “thou dost not speak the language of the low-born mendicant—thy words betray a mind and manner far superior to the class thy habit indicates. Thou art, perchance, some pupil of error, wandering in wretched exile and obscurity, unpitied and unknown, or thou wouldst not have supplicated on thy bended knee, that food a christian heart must bleed to see thee craving.”

“Long is the time,” replied he, “and many is the day, since I have held converse with the son of affluence. Alas! stranger

shall thrill its feeble veins? Oh! no; the seal of fate is stamped upon my bosom—the eye of Providence has marked its victim—I crawl the earth the most abject of its beings—and, like the crushed reptile, I shall expire unnoticed and unmourned.”

“Take hope,” said I—“rely on the mercy of Heaven—repent thy crimes—reform thy heart—and trust in God to pardon and receive thy sacred offering.”

With maniac fury he snatched up his crutches, exclaiming, “Art thou a mortal, thus to talk of pardon and mercy to a fallen victim? Or art thou a messenger from Heaven, assuming human form to snatch a wretched being from the precipice of perdition? for thou hast awakened such sensations in my breast, as have not glowed within its dark recess since virtue left it empty. And now I swear to thee,
before

stranger, you behold in me a wretch unworthy your attention.—'Twas my bad conduct burst the heart-strings of a father, and reduced him to expire in a prison—'twas my infamy and incaution betrayed the loveliest angel of innocence—'twas *my* excesses, superseded by exigence, taught this hand to purloin the traveller's purse, while the maddening fury of desperation nerved the arm that aimed the guilty poignard at the breast of virtue."

I started at the energy of his recital, and he thus continued :

"Think you, then, stranger, the eye that witnesseth my present retaliating misery can weep one tear of compassion? Think you the murdered shades of parent, wife, and friend, will cease to haunt the guilty heart, while yet one vital drop shall

shall thrill its feeble veins? Oh! no; the seal of fate is stamped upon my bosom—the eye of Providence has marked its victim—I crawl the earth the most abject of its beings—and, like the crushed reptile, I shall expire unnoticed and unmourned.”

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before

before we part, that ere I stretch my crippled limbs upon my truss of straw this night, my knee shall bend—my heart shall raise its sacred prayer to Heaven, avowing all its guilt; nor will I leave my earnest supplicating posture till I feel the glow of mercy dart with thrilling extacy, as it were wont to cheer the penitent in days of youthful innocence, ere Satan and his fiends had made it captive.”

Here the big tear rolled down his cheek, the pledge of promised reformation. Oh! ’twas a glorious drop—it cheered my heart—it was, to my mind, more eloquent than the speech of a senator.

“Never despair,” said I, “as he resumed his crutches, and was preparing to depart. “Accept this little tribute from a stranger, who flatters himself thy repentance will balance thy crimes.”

He

He held the guinea in his hand—bowed gratefully—dropped it into his night-cap. His lip moved, but the ejaculation was silent—another, and another tear chased each other, as he moved slowly away.

I watched him a few moments—I saw him turn back—rest on his crutches—clasp his hands in fervent emotion—wave me his hat with respectful reverence—and as he turned the corner, and I lost sight of him, I, too, turned my step homewards, moralizing on the famished beggar, and glowing with the hope of my humble advice effecting the reformation of a guilty heart. Oh, Heavens! what must have been his feelings? None but the criminal can justly portray them, though a soul attuned to sensibility can sufficiently anticipate—as the eye contemplates a piece of ruins, and marks the
decayed

decayed fabric. So may we judge of the mind's ravage through the depravities of the heart; if the *open* picture makes us *shudder*, how must the *concealed* one make us *feel*!

THE CONVERSATION-STOOLS.

AFTER I had breakfasted, I stopped at the larder window to choose my dinner, when the hostess enquired if I was going to the sale, and gave me a catalogue ; so looking over the various articles, and not being particularly engaged, I bent my steps to the auction, where I found the room full of female loungers but little disposed to purchase, and the sale was in consequence a very flat one.

I had witnessed the purchase of several articles, when an elderly gentlewoman scampered up the stairs, in a prodigious hurry, and walking up to the auctioneer, demanded in a very loud tone, “ *Ef* so be

the conversation-stools were to be parted with without the *sophy* and *cheers*?"

The stately man of the hammer replied, no; they consisted only of one lot.

"Very well," returned the lady, seating herself by my side, and continuing to mutter to herself. "Its no great consequence, I can send them to Barbican by the hoy, and then we can move them *arterwards* in the *vaggins* to our country-ouse, for have them I must, cost what they will; for my husband never stints me—I keeps the purse."

Two more lots intervened, and then came forward the expected prize.

"A *sopha*, ten chairs, and two conversation-stools," exclaimed the auctioneer, launching into all the pomposity of language he could frame. "They have not,
without

without exception, their equals in England—all in the most perfect state—elegantly painted in superb tablets of flowers, with gilt frames, highly burnished; and the eider cushions covered with a superb costly chintz, valued at a crown a yard. Ladies and gentlemen, will any body do me the favour to bid? Shall I say thirty guineas—twenty—ten guineas?”

The lady nodded.

“Thank you, Ma’am.—Only ten guineas for this wonderful bargain—a set of the first furniture in England—going for ten guineas.”

Twelve was nodded—fourteen, sixteen, eighteen, twenty, one, two, three, four.

Here they stuck—the lady began to fume and colour.

"What a price!" cried she, in a whisper over my shoulder; "but the conversation-stools are every thing—there's no time to be lost.—Twenty-five, *Mister*."

Every body stared at her eager appearance.

"A going—a going, for twenty-five," cried the auctioneer, with elevated hand. "I never saw such a bargain in my life; the stools are worth all the money."

The mention of the stools seemed to rouse the lady, who rising on her toes, held up her fan, and advanced another guinea on her own bidding.

"Seven—eight—nine," exclaimed three hoaxing voices from a group, who stood next her.

"Thirty,"

"Thirty," continued she, wiping the big drops of energy off her scarlet cheek.

"A going—a going for thirty.—Nobody bid more? A going—a going—The last time—a going—gone."

"Thank God, its over," exclaimed the lady, who was instantly requested to make her deposit, and give in her name.

"Oh! my name's pretty well known, *Mister*, in *Lunnun*, aye, and at Margate, too.—Set down *Mrs. Gull*, and I'll send you the proper *destructions* by and by, because the *sophy* and *cheers* will go to *Lunnun* in the hoy; but I shall take the stools in the carriage with me, for *cum-purny sake*."

"Pretty sort of *company*," retorted a woman of fashion; "something like edifying.

fyng by a post," and she burst into a loud titter, with her companion.

"Well, I am quite pleased with my bargain," said Mrs. Gull.—"Don't you think them cheap, Sir?"

The question staggered me.

"Why, yes," said I, "considering they are *French*."

"French!—you don't say so," replied Mrs. Gull. "My God, what a take-in! They'll be of no use upon earth to me, if they ar'n't English—I never could speak French in my life."

"But what has that to do with the furniture, Madam?" replied I.

"Oh!

"Oh! every thing, to be sure.—What did I buy them for, but to pass a *soluntary* hour at our *willer*, when my husband is in *Lunmun*?"

"But you can't make companions of furniture," cried I.

"What, not of *conversation-stools*?" replied Mrs. Gull.

"Assuredly not, without a companion seated on them to propose and resolve questions—you certainly don't imagine they can *speak*?"

"Speak," cried Mrs. Gull; "aye, to be sure, I do, and *talk* too. I imagine they go with a spring, or *summut*, like clock-work, and *Molly Day's Hotmatot* figures, I suppose."

so then we both agreed what clever things they must be. Bless my *sowl*, what shall I dō with them? Lord, I'll sell them for half price to the auctioneer, before I'll carry them to *Lunnun*; for I don't mind money—not I."

"Don't mention your disappointment," said I; "but tell the man you have changed your mind, and he'll be glad to purchase them a bargain, no doubt."

"I'm *obliged* to you, Sir, for your kind advice," answered Mrs. Gull; "you seem quite a sensible sort of a gentleman, and I'm sure *Muster* Gull will be happy to smoke a pipe with you at our lodgings in the Crescent; *any* body knows *Muster Gull*, at *Margate*, for we comes every year, and stops the *whole* season; so do give us a call, we shall be
vastly

their *title*, and it was therefore now become necessary to elucidate the business.

“My dear Madam,” said I, “permit me to explain the mistake which has arisen. These stools, whether French or English, possess not the mechanical powers of speech; they are merely so-called, from holding two persons, who, wishing to converse privately, may effect it more commodiously than on separate seats;—they might more pertinently be called *tête-a-têtes*.”

“I wish they had,” replied Mrs. Gull; “and then I should not have been trapped by them; I never was so deceived in my life; for, never having heard of such things before, I was delighted with the notion, when I see the name in the *bill*; for Gull was a dozing over his pipe, *arter* supper, and I waked him in a jiffy, and

THE LAWYER'S POLYGRAPH.



WALKING past the library, a French caricature drew my attention; it was a large, framed picture, exhibiting a monster of uncouth appearance, entwined with snakes and flaming brands; in short, the representation was so chimerical to fancy's eye, that a little boy asked his mamma, if that was the d—l.

“That's right, young one, its the very image of him, sure enough,” answered a bricklayer.

“How do you know that?” said I.
“Where did you ever see the original, to be so good a judge?” “Why,

"Why, no where," replied the man;
"I never saw him in my life."

"I believe not," said I; "for if you
ever should, you'll not come back to
judge of his picture."

"But I have seen a *mont* of *pieturs* of
his infernal highness," continued the
bricklayer; "so I should soon find him out
if I were to see him; and I shouldn't
much care if I did, for he would not want
a bricklayer in his country, I'll be bound;
he'd more likely snap up a lawyer or two,
if he did not find his match; and if *they*
did not slip out of his clutches, I don't
know who could."

Grinning at his own witticism, the
man walked off, staunch in his principles
of not fearing the d—l, because he was
not a lawyer.

THE JACK-DAW.



It was sunning its black glossy plumage on the wall of a cottage, shaded by the protruding foliage of a luxuriant woodbine, and was twinkling its little bright eyes in the cheering ray, when the malicious wantonness of a savage neighbour, who was passing by with his fowling-piece, marked the innocent prey; and, aiming at it, shot the harmless bird through the heart.

It quivered—it fell;—the gory stream of life flowed through its sable plumage, and its pretty bright eye was closed, ere the report of the gun brought the cottagers

gers to the door, where the bleeding victim of cruelty instantly presented its mangled form.

A cottage council was instantly called; it consisted of the husbandman, his wife, and two children, all gazing with solemn look, and tearful eye, over the lifeless remains of their little favourite, execrating the cruelty of the fowler.

"It will never hop at the window, and call, 'Jack!' any more," said the pretty girl, wiping her eyes.

"No, nor it will never sit upon the edge of my saw, when I cut wood, again," replied the sorrowful boy, who had, it seems, highly prided himself on his bird, and learnt it to repeat a variety of sentences.

"I be

"I be terrible savage about poor Jack," exclaimed the husbandman. "Domme if I don't go after the rascal, and leather *un* well;—how I should like to see the blood spin out of his black heart; I warrant, an one could peep at it, 'tis the very *colour* of poor Jack's *feathers*. Poor little thing! how it used to perch upon my hat, and mag away! 'twere the best companion upon earth, 'ad a made a cat laugh to see *un* pick out the beans off my platter, as cunning as a fox. Ah, Kate, I be desperate sorry, but don't ye fret; I'll go *av* parish clerk to write *summut* clever to *stick* up for a keepsake of him—just a scripture verse, like."

"And was thy daw such a favourite?" asked I.

"Oh, yes, Sir, he was master of the house,

house, complete; I would not have taken twenty *goulden* guineas for him; he was the *most sharpest, surprizingest* bird in the world. How d'ye think he used to dish the boys?—Watch them playing at pitch—whip up the halfpenny, and fly off with it to the butcher, and there he'd perch, till somebody *gid* him a bit of meat; and then, behold you, he'd drop the money as honest as day-light, and home he'd come with it in his beak, as *sensible* as *you* or *I*; aye, there was more wit in his little nob, than half our parish have got, and a devilish deal more than the fellow who shot him; 'drot the brute, God never meant him for a Christian.—How d'ye think he served our neighbour's black cat?—The poor thing was a sitting upon his wall, as my Jack was, and what does he do but hauls her down—sticks a pen-knife into her throat—cuts off her tail—and carries it home to hang up
against

against his stable-door for a *curoosity*, so there was *ceend* of puss; there was cruelty for nothing but wickedness sake; aye, aye, *owld* Nick will give him a dose, one of these days, when he as little *suspects* it, as the cat and the jack-daw did; and more *liker* they'll go to *Heaven* than he will, poor *dumb wretches*!"

"But," said I, "he probably mistook it for a black-bird."

"Mistook, indeed!" repeated the husbandman; "what d'ye think he mistook the black cat for, then?"

"Why, that," replied I, "was certainly a complete instance of barbarity, for which I can find no excuse; and I think he deserves a very severe reprimand, and ought to ask your pardon."

"He

"He had not best come within my sight," answered the man; "if he did, I should knock him down, as sure as quarter-day—I should be so choaked with passion."

"Its a great mortification, I'll allow," said I; "but we must all forgive in this world, as we hope to be forgiven in the next."

"I'd have freely *forgiven* him, if he had *shot me*," answered the man; "but as to poor Jack's death, I can never swallow that; it will always stick in my *gizzard* like a *fuz*, I know it *wull*; *whose-ever*, I'll go *ax Dismal*, our clerk, to make some verses, and then I'll bury the poor thing under this very woodbine."

He then gave the bird to the charge of his dame, and we walked off together towards

wards the man of verses, whom we found smoking his pipe at the door of his little habitation.

Now, as I had a strong propensity to hear the conference on this important subject, I paced up and down on the opposite side of the road, under pretence of waiting for some appointment; and the two neighbours, heeding me not, began loudly to expatiate on the subject, in the following terms:

THE

THE PARISH POET.



“WHY, friend Ralph, you know I be no poet,” said Dismal, “but I would not mind trying a line or two, to please you, because I loved old Jack; and I do say, the rascal ought to be *persecuted* according to law. Law’s a fine thing, *properly* understood; to be sure, its *costive*, but then it brings many a rogue to the stool of repentance.—Howsever, as I was a saying, I’ll try what I can do.”

“What’s that there *verse* about, ‘the sparrow’s sitting alone upon the house top?’ said the husbandman. “Wou’dn’t that do—hey? Can’t you make *summut* out of that?”

“Aye,



PEDESTRIAN.

"Aye, true," replied Dismal; "that hint *mought* be useful; but as paper and pens are so dear, I'll fetch out my slate, and we'll strike off a line or two."

"You must do it all your own self," said Ralph, as Dismal returned with the slate, "for I'm no *scholard*—no poetry-man; so you shall have all the honour of it, for you're a *dead* hand at writing and reading, 'cause you've a *compacity*, and the like."

"Hush!" cried Dismal; "I want words—don't talk—don't puzzle me—if you do, I sha'n't make nothing of it."

"I won't speak—I won't breathe, hardly," replied Ralph; "but I'll sit and think."

So saying, down he squatted on the
threshold

threshold in profound silence, gazing on nothing, while Dismal snapped his eyes—turned them upwards—downwards—right — left — every way—to *look* for words; then clapped the pencil to his forehead, resting the point upon the slate, that the ideas might flow downwards, from his brain to the scrawl, till at length he scratched down the following lines:

“ As Jack was a sitting a-top of the wall,

“ And he was a fearing of nothing at all,

“ A brute, with a gun on his shoulder, did pass,

“ Which had a heart made of iron, a face just like
“ brass.

“ And so at poor Jack he immediately let fly,

“ And that was the cause he did fall down and die.

“ So, here hoping as nobody nothing will say,

“ I have wrote my best thoughts for Jack’s funeral lay;

“ For as I was never no sort of a poet,

“ ’Tis proper to tell ye, and then you’ll all know it.”

“ ’Tis done—’tis done—I’ve got it—
I’ve got it,” cried Don Dismal; “ its the
best

best thing I ever wrote in my life;—ha'n't I hit it to a T?—I've touched off Master *Iron-heart*, and I've brought myself off with a flourish—haven't I? Nobody won't *speculate* upon my verses, now I've made a *pollygee*, and clapped my name modestly under them. I never was better pleased with *nothing*; fegs, I shall grow proud soon, if I go on and *encrease*.—I ha'n't been ten minutes *posing* it all—have I?”

“No, you've been *deadly quick* at it,” replied Ralph. “If I'd been *double hanged*, I could not have done half as well. Write it out large, will ye—and I'll put it in a *gould* frame, and stick it up over our *chimbley*. Poor little creature! how he used to hop about, and call you ‘Dizzy-dizzy!’—ah, little did he *think* you'd ever write his *helegee*.”

“I shall

"I shall begin to think *summut* of myself, now, indeed," returned Dismal; "I never *knowed* I had the happy *talon* before; I warrant, I shall often *scratch* away now; but then, nobody must not confound my notions; I sha'n't be able to make my rhimes at all, if they do, and its as much as I can do it now, proper for people to *criketise* upon; but I don't mind your *larned* men, not I, so long as I pleases myself; let them laugh; mayhap two thirds of them could not do half as well themselves. I've a good mind to shew it our parson; it *mought* be a means of exalting my *stature* in life, when he comes to know its my own *exposition*."

"So it *mought*, Master Dismal; let his Reverence peep at it; I say, it ought to be *hanged* in the *westry*; for, if any of the gentry wanted any *tume-stonish*

verses, they'd know where for to *ply* about them, and clap many a shilling in your pocket. I wish I'd been born with a *genus*, but I was such a bit of a thing, there was no room in my *inside*, and that was the reason my brains was so *scroured*, they never had no room to play, but as my poor mother used for to say, 'Never mind, Ralph,' says she to me, 'thou'st got a thumping, good, *large heart*, and that's worth all.' So when I heard our market folks *ax* four shillings for a *bullock's heart*, t'other day, damme, thinks I, mine be worth half a crown, at least, according to mother's reckoning. He! he! that wa'n't a bad thought—was un?"

"It was a very bright one, indeed," replied Dismal; "but there's great merit in *making lines*; there is not a man in our parish that's such a dab at it as Tom Twist, the *rope-maker*, he has them at his *fingers' ends*;

ends; only give him a notion, and he'll *wind* up a subject as smooth as *flax*; he's your *sort* for a poet. But, come, let's go in and write it out plain, for the credit of the thing."

"But, now, there is no *scripture* in it," said Ralph, scratching his head.

"Pooh! never mind, there ought not to be much religion for a bird; consider, they're only *jack-daw* verses, and it would be very *unproper* to write any thing *sacriligious*; they'll do, I warrant me; so, come in and take a pipe, while I finish it, and then we'll shew it to 'Twist, and according to what *he* thinks of it, so we'll manage about the parson's opinion; for, whether I shew him the *specimint* or not, I can write up over my door, 'Nota Bene: Parish Clerk, and *Poetry Maker*;' all kinds of verses on the shortest notice;"

and who knows but I may make a *fortin* in time? People never know what they can do till they try; and now I have once been *conspired* in my *idears*, I may *multiply* wonderfully; why, I'm a man of fifty times the *larning* of Burns, the Scotch plough-boy, and the Bristol milk-woman: how should they know any thing of writing? And yet they hit it, one day, as I've done; and if I can but get *my* verses to take as much as *theirn*, I'll publish a book out of my own head, with God's blessing, and make a shining man of myself, yet, before I die."

"He! he! he!" grinned the husband-man; "I put it in your head, didn't I?"

"Not you, indeed," replied Dismal, "you only gave me the notion; and that's nothing, no more than giving a man a blank sheet of paper, and telling him

him to fill it properly ; but where's the words to spin from—hey? Why, out of your own heart and brains. Lord bless you, *writing* people's heads are as full of words as a *printer's press*, or a newspaper."

"I dare say they be," answered Ralph, rubbing his hand over his greasy black pole; "mine's a good biggish sort of a head, a'n't he? But I dare swear, if our doctor was to open him, he wouldn't find no letters marked in my brain. Zounds, it must make a man's nob feel as heavy as a cannon-ball upon his shoulders, to have such a lot of *ready-made* words in it; so, I don't envy you, Master Dismal, that's what I don't; but *meake* haste, will ye? I be desperate agog to shew the verses to my dame, so don't let's waste no more time, unless you can think of any thing *better*."

“Better!” replied Dismal; I shall *never* make a *better* stave if I write a thousand, for it says much in a little, and every body will say the *shorter* the *better*; I’ll bet you a pint, our parson is so fond of short prayers and short *sarmon*s, that he’ll say the shortness is the *beauty* of it.”

“Ah, but if you was to be paid for it,” resumed Ralph, “people *mought* not think there was *enough* for money.”

“I’ll tell you what,” replied Dismal, “a lot of nonsense at half-a-crown, is ten times dearer than a scrap of a *natural original* at a guinea; ’tan’t the quantity, its the *sort*, that bears a price; mine’s all real—*jennywin—fresh and fresh*;—its none of your *stale, borrowed, medley sort*.”

Dismal,

Dismal, now, whipped up the slate, and, turning into the house with Ralph, gave me no farther opportunity of gratifying my curiosity; but being a tolerable scribbler of shorthand, I penned this *natural original* in my tablet, during the moment Dismal was snuffling over its recital, to the wonder of the husbandman.

Reader, didst thou ever attempt a verse? If thou hast a genius, improve it; but if thou hast not the happy talent, do not render thyself an object of ridicule through the folly of self-conceit. Dismal's Jackdaw elegy is not the *only* puerile lines I ever read; wiser heads, and abler pens than his, have traced equally ludicrous ideas, before now; every man has his talent, though it is not a poetic one. Genius, with a clipped
E 4 wing,

wing, may flutter in the realms of fancy,
but never soars to the regions of fame.
How absurd the mortal who aims 'at
impossibilities.

THE VAGRANT BOY.



THOUGH I trust I am no misanthrope, I feel such lively repugnance to relieve an impostor, or idle vagrant, that, for once, I found my heart disinclined to bestow its mite on an imploring object; for as I stood ruminating on the threshold of the hotel, I was solicited by a howling boy to bestow my charity.

He was a stout, healthy-looking lad, apparently about nine or ten years of age, and by his artful whimper, seemed pretty well versed in the practices of dissimulation; so, in order to prove him, and conceal my ideas under the mask of compassion,

passion, I thus addressed him, in the most soothing tone I could adopt:

“ Poor fellow !—poor little fellow !” cried I, “ what’s the matter? Poor fellow, has any body been throwing water in your face, poor fellow?”

This scheme produced the instant effect I expected, for the boy fairly roared at me.

“ Poor fellow,” continued I, “ you *want* something, I see you do ; you’re in *great want*, poor fellow. Again I paused.

“ Oh, yes,” howled the young vagrant, “ please to bestow your charity!”

“ Poor fellow,” once more repeated I, “ how much you do *want* a good horse-whip over your back, you idle, lying rascal.”

The

The disappointed beggar raised his head, ceased his howling, and, eyeing me with the ferocity of an imp, smeared off the tear of deception, and was walking away; when, determined to convince myself my judgment was not erroneous, I called him back.

“What’s the matter with you?” asked I. “What d’ye cry for?”

“I’m so hungry,” answered he.

“Come along, then; you shall not complain before we part; step in, I’ll give you plenty.”

The boy did not dare refuse, but I perceived he followed me very reluctantly; so, ordering some bread, cheese, and beer for him, I made him sit down by my side, desiring him to satisfy his hunger and

thirst, and not regard my presence; so, pretending to look over the news-paper, I secretly watched his motions; but ere he had eaten an ounce he left off, saying he felt a pain in his stomach, and could not eat any more.

“ ’Tis just as I expected,” said I. “How dare you, you young villain, impose thus on the humanity of a credulous heart? Begone, wretch, and dare again but shew thy audacious face within this parish, and I will make thee a public example; for I’ll give thee such a horse-whipping, as may, probably, one day, save thee from the gallows.—Thou little imp of deception—begone! once more.”

As I stamped my foot, and raised my stick over his head, the vagrant dropped on his knee before me.

“ Don’t

"Don't strike me, your honour; pray, forgive me; I'm obliged to beg, or I should be killed."

"And who would dare to kill you?"

"Our gang, your honour; they stole me when a baby; I am twelve years old; and now, if I don't earn seven or eight shillings a day, I am beat till I can hardly crawl. To-morrow we are journeying to Ramsgate, for here we've made but little."

"And how much money have you concealed in your rags, to-day?" said I.

"Four-and-six-pence, your honour;" and he drew out a piece of dirty rag from the lining of his breeches.

"As thou hast had honesty enough to
4 acknowledge

acknowledge the truth," said I, "here's sixpence for you; but its the first that ever was seduced from my pocket by a detected impostor."

The vagrant arose; bowed gratefully; thanked me thrice, and retired.

I ought to have snatched that youth from destruction, - said I to myself; but the path was so thorny and intricate, that I fear I should never have accomplished the design, however laudable the motive. May Heaven, therefore, reform this juvenile pupil of vice, is the best and only intercession I can offer in his behalf.

ANIMAL PHYSIOGNOMY.



As I sauntered from the hotel to the Pier, after dinner, I met a gentleman, whose features so strongly resembled a *rat*, that I actually felt myself guilty of rudeness, in gazing so particularly at him; every feature corresponded in simile, while on his arm hung a female, equally as much like a *cat*, for her eyes were half drawn together, like pussy in a purring doze; and these attractive optics more resembling a cast of *pale green* than the natural reflection of eyes that ever adorned a Christian, gave to a playful fancy the exact similitude; add to which, they were snapping and snarling at each other,

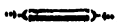
other, like the sworn enemies of the animal species.

Didst thou never, reader, trace such similitude? And, discovering it, didst thou ever mark the general tenor of the *manners* and *temper* of such polygraphs? If thou hast not, I have; for at this moment, I am acquainted with the following grotesque list, male and female: a *turtle*, a *toad*, a *kite*, a *monkey*, an *ostrich*, a *race-horse*, a *carp*, a *mouse*, a *Dutch pug*, a *parrot*, a *calf*, a *dog*, a *raccoon*, a *boar-cat*, a *sow*, a *greyhound*, a *maud-fish*, a *sheep*, and various others, too tedious to enumerate.

Lavater traces in the features of man, an analogy to plants; but I will ever maintain, there is a far more striking resemblance in animals, as the above come within the limits of my own knowledge,
with

with some hundred others, whom opportunity may never yet have presented to my view and imagination; and though it is very probable the reader may construe *my* polygraph to be an *ass*, I bow with all due modesty and submission to the decree, though I will not give up one iota on the above subject; for truth and nature being the deities I worship, I should deem it as an insult to both, were I to swerve from the principle I have ever professed; it may therefore not be unnecessary to sign this physiognomical catalogue with the word—*Fact*.

THE ITALIAN'S VISIT.



PACING backward and forward the Pier, who should I meet but a very intimate friend, just arrived in his new whiskey, with his wife and little son.

The various topics of health, the weather, their journey, and the last arrival of news in the metropolis, having been all descanted, I happened to ask after an old acquaintance of the name of Iley.

“Oh,” said my friend, “I can tell you a good joke about him: you must know, he has had possession of a little cottage for these two months past, as a summer retreat

retreat on the forest, whither he rode down every Saturday, and returned on Monday; but being a foreigner, he had, it seems, frequently enlarged on the properties of his tenement in such high terms, that many of his friends actually imagined it a second Elysium; and amongst the rest, he had given a Sunday invitation to one of his own countrymen, who, knowing very little of the English language, obtained the most perfect direction he could comprehend, and, in consequence, set off for the imagined villa, as described.

When he arrived on the verge of the forest, he enquired for Mr. *Iley*, which, from his broken accent, sounding like the name of *Riley*, the people directed him to a spacious and elegant mansion, where he rung furiously at the gate.

“ Is

"Is my friend Mr. Iley widin?"

"No, Sir, my master is gone to church."

"*Got-tam*, gone to church! when he was invite me to doine wid him! Well, well, I shall wark in, ant amuse myself wid a poipe; he was promise me a poipe, so I was go sit town a pit."

He then walked into the dining-room, where the sun being very powerful, he crossed into the drawing-room, and there stretching his dirty boots over the damask sofa, again ordered a pipe.

Now, it so happened, Mr. Riley had informed the servants he expected a friend to dine; who might probably arrive before his return from church; and they, in consequence, supposing this per-

- son

son the expected guest, treated him with all due respect, and retired to obey his commands, informing him they had no pipes in the house, but would fetch some immediately.

“ Oh, ver well,” said the foreigner, “ I take a wark in de garden, and help myself to a little fruit.”

So, accordingly, round he paced, trimming the walls of the finest peaches and nectarines he could select, and on which he had gorged and deliciously feasted, when the servant announced the pipe.

No sooner had the domestic closed the door, than the foreigner, left to his meditative pipe, drew his chair opposite the polished register-stove, and placing his feet against the beautiful Parian marble, spit
all

all over the steel stove in every direction, and the room was in a complete cloud of smoke, when Mr. Riley knocked at the door, and was informed by his servant, the gentleman was arrived, and was smoking in the drawing-room.

“Impossible,” said Mr. Riley; “that my friend should take such a liberty.”

“Yes, he has, Sir; and the gardener says he has pulled all the finest peaches off the south wall; he seems a queer sort of a gentleman—he is so positive.”

Alarmed at this unpleasant intelligence, Mr. Riley threw open the door of the drawing-room, where, enveloped in fume, sat the foreigner in the above-mentioned *position*.

“Sir,” exclaimed Mr. Riley, “who
are

are you, to dare take such liberties in my house?"

"Oh, Sare, I bega your pardon; I was taught I was in de house of my frient Iley," and he bowed to the very ground. "I am ver sorry dat I no understand English, for make dis mistake; what I shall give a you de recompence?"

"Your excuses are of little avail in compensation of the damage you have done my furniture, and the liberty of destroying my best fruit, Sir," replied Mr. Riley; "and I hope," continued he, "as your intrusion has arisen in consequence of a similitude of name, your friend Iley will never give a false direction to so impertinent a visitor. You have taken an unpardonable liberty, whoever you are; for you have fumigated the best room in my house—spoiled a stove of fifteen

teen guineas value—defaced a most valuable piece of marble, and greased a damask chair back in the most filthy manner; add to which, you have torn and demolished the finest fruit of my garden, and all in consequence of mistaking a mansion of this appearance, for the *lodging-hut* of Mr. Iley, forsooth! Let me tell you, the closest connection of friendship would never warrant the liberties you have taken in my house, and I therefore insist upon your retiring immediately.”

Again the foreigner cringed, begged a million pardons, and attempted to express his chagrin, but Mr. Riley’s usual system of complaisance was so deranged, that he was not in humour to accept the apology; he therefore ordered the servants to lead out the offending intruder, with as little ceremony as he walked in; and it seems, some peasant afterwards guided him

him to the cottage of his pompous friend Iley, whose ridiculous descriptions of his villa had been the sole origin of the foreigner's mistake, added to the similarity of pronunciation in the names of Iley and Riley; however, I have since learnt that the foreigner has made a very genteel present of a piece of plate to Mr. Riley, in compensation for the damage he occasioned, a circumstance that must ever revert a proof of generosity and honour on the part of this misguided foreigner.

“ ’Twas a mighty pretty joke, indeed,” said I; “ but it had its utility, notwithstanding: in the first place, repairing the damage made good for trade in its various branches, the present proved a compensation to the sufferer, and an everlasting lesson to the despoiler; and the clemency with which the former modu-

flated his passion, stimulated the gratitude of the latter, and thus the coalescing virtues of both produced a good effect from a bad cause."

THE NAKED DUCKS.



As every day brings fresh visitors to Margate, its no wonder, in the circle of my acquaintance, I should meet with many intimates; for at market, on the following day, I recognized a very intimate friend, who was purchasing a couple of ducks.

Now the poulterer, it seemed, was out of paper, and the lady, having no spare handkerchief, protested she would rather relinquish her purchase, than either carry, or suffer them to be carried home *naked*; because, in her modest opinion, it was a very *indecent* sight to expose naked

F 2

limbs

limbs of any description; purity had ever been her motto, and therefore she insisted upon a piece of paper, the ducks being for a present to a friend in Hawley Square.

“How uncouth it looks,” said the lady, “to see two *naked* ducks swinging along the street by the necks; I should not care so much, if they had their feathers on.”

The poulterer smiled, observing, he had sold thousands in the same style.

“That’s nothing to me,” replied the lady; “I’m not so fashionable as to admire indecency, in any shape; if all the world were to go naked, its no rule I should, or ever will, while I am in my senses; so, if you will not find paper or a cloth, I won’t have the ducks at all.”

Finding

Finding the good lady positive, the poulterer rummaged his shop, and at last produced part of the "Morning Chronicle," in a very grimy condition.

"Don't wrap them in that smutty paper," cried the lady, "its enough to poison a hog."

"I've no other paper in the house, then, but a few leaves of the family bible," answered the poulterer.

"You wicked man," said the lady, "d'ye think I'd suffer such a thing?—not for all the ducks in the world. I'd as soon go home naked *myself*, as see such an insult. If I'd known your principles sooner, you should never have profited by my market penny; and, depend upon it, its the last.—Here, take the direction, and

send the ducks home as they are; it will be your disgrace—not mine.”

“They shall be sent in a fashionable style, depend upon it,” answered the poulterer.

“The fashion of a duck must be of great consequence,” replied the lady.

“As consequential as its *modesty*, however,” replied he, laughing.

The lady chucked down a seven shilling piece, and, without deigning any farther contest, brushed off; she was, however, certainly right in point of decorum, of which, probably, the poulterer knew not the practice, or was too upstart to edify by the hint.

THE WORSTED LEGACY.

AFTER parting from my friend, I recollected near ten days had elapsed since I promised to call on Granny Grey for my garters; so, turning my steps towards the drapers' alms-houses, off I set; but when I came within sight of the door, no Granny Grey was visible.

A decent, civil-spoken old woman, who was officiating as portress, told me she was confined to her bed, but had left strict orders, if a gentleman and his dog should call, that he might be admitted to her apartment.

“Go, and prepare her for my reception,” said I; “but tell her not to flurry herself—if the hour is inconvenient, I will call on her again to-morrow.”

“Ah! but perhaps to-morrow may be too late,” said the portress, shaking her head; “she’s very old, Sir, and very ill; but she has *honed* mightily about you, only we could not tell where to find you; she takes only a little tent wine, that a good lady brought, and a small piece of bread, so you may judge she can’t last long, for she’s scarce either breath or pulse left; the lamp’s just flashing in the socket, as the saying is—its quite dwindled to the snuff, indeed.”

“Lose we no time, then,” answered I; “she may probably have something consequential to communicate before that awful period arrives.—Say, I wait her wishes.”

The

The portress withdrew, and, returning in a few minutes, begged I would follow her.

I found Granny Grey propped up in her bed by cleanly, coarse pillows, wrapped in a white bed-gown, with a handkerchief of snowy lawn pinned neatly over her cap, and flowing round her shoulders; but she was altered in features, and spoke so low, that, as I pressed her cold hand, I could scarcely comprehend the efforts of her feeble voice and faltering articulations; for a paralytic affection had seized her vitals, and she was evidently hastening to the bourne of peace. Cautiously I laid my hand on her pulse—its vibration was slow and irregular.

The dew of death sat in cold pearls upon her brow, and a certain cast of heavenly serenity irradiated every feature.

"I sha'n't long be troublesome, my good Sir," said she; "but I die in peace, since I have seen you. Please to accept poor Granny Grey's legacy of these garters; I wish they were better; my name and age are marked in them as you requested, and blessed and happy be your honour, while God permits you life;—mine has, indeed, been a scene of trouble, but 'tis almost ended.—Property I have none; my poor old bones will therefore rest in peace, and my memory will never, I trust, be despised. I've had my follies, and felt my punishments, and I hope God will pardon and forget them, according to the sincerity of my prayers.—God bless your honour!—I grow faint.—God preserve——"

Granny Grey's voice failed; the attendants waved their hands for me to withdraw, and, whilst they were administering

tering restoratives, I slowly turned my unwilling foot and heavy heart from the awful scene, for ere I had left the porch, Granny Grey was an angel.

I drew the precious *worsted legacy* from my pocket, and bathed the memorial of that grateful heart with an unfeigned tear of sincerity, sacred to the memory of obscured worth ; and, from this moment, I determined staying another week at Margate, to consecrate the lowly turf that concealed the remains of this venerable form, by bedewing her humble shrine with the genuine essence of gratitude.

VILLAGE WITTICISMS.

I HAD eaten my dinner with very little relish, from the late scene I had witnessed, and was quite femininely weak and dispirited, when I set off, to amuse reflection, for a walk to St. Peter's, where I determined to take my tea; so, accordingly, in I stepped to a small auberge, and being told the great room was filled by a parish dinner-party, I was wedged into a small parlour, divided by so thin a partition, that the very smoke of their pipes curled through the crevices of the panels, which conveyed every tone of voice, from a whisper to a brawl; and by applying my eye in one particular direction, I could plainly discern the whole group.

It

It consisted of nine originals; who, from their skits and puns, I soon discovered to be the *village essentials*, viz. the *farmer*, the *baker*, the *butcher*, the *shoe-maker*, the *barber*, the *doctor*, the *carpenter*, the *taylor*, and the *tallow-chandler*, whom, it seems, they had placed in the chair.

I say, *Muster Cheerman*," cried the butcher, "I stand upon my legs to make bold to give a toast, if noboby ha'n't no *dejection*.—*Knock down silence*—will ye?—I say, Success to the wooden walls of Old England."

"*Brayco, hooray!*" cried the carpenter. "What would become of us without wooden walls? There we *nail* our enemies—there we have them to a *shaving*, that's a *plane case*; and what's the odds, after

after *tacking* and *boring*, but we *saw* down their *timbers*, and *screw* them as tight as a *wedge*. Aye, aye, God speed the wooden-walls, for the carpenters' sake; fair *dealing* and a heart of *oak*; with a sharp blade at the *elm*, is the grand *prop* of the nation; so here goes a bumper towards it, wishing them *all* success."

"Upon my *sole*," answered the shoemaker, "that *last* addition of your's makes a stout *end* of the subject; if *awl* our admirals *war* warm, we shall soon *stitch* them up;—so, here's at them in a brimmer, I say.—Come, *gemmen*, charge away."

"They have had a pretty good *dose*," said the doctor; "our *laubdnum pills*, and *saltpetre powders*, have worked them rarely; the sea-bathing, too, has had a
fine

fine effect, and the copious effusion of *phlebotomy*, has cured all their *brain-fevers*."

"True," replied the farmer; "they'll *sow* no more seeds of corruption, and I hope all our brave fellows as *plough* the ocean, will *reap* the plentiful *harvest* they so richly merit."

"Aye; he that earns his *bread*, ought to enjoy it," cries the baker; "and he that risks the *flour* of his life in the *sarviss* of his king and country, ought to *roll* in riches when he comes to the *bottom crust* of it."

"So he ought, Master Sponge," answered the barber; "else, what's the use of a man's being as sharp as a *razor*, if after *lathering*, *powdering*, *cropping* the enemy, and *dressing* him completely, he an't to be

be paid for it ; that would be a bad trade, indeed."

"Yes, yes," replies the taylor, "Nelson's the sort—he *sews* them up stiff as *buckram*—makes no *botch* of the business he takes in hand—never *shears* from the attack of the enemy, but *buttons* up his *pattern-card* upon the top-gallant, to let them know his colours are all *superfine blues*. He hates mixtures; 'faith, he's no jay, for all his feathers spring from his own pinion, and a pretty lot he's got in his cap."

"That's a truth, as clear as *light*," cries the chairman; "he'll have a fine *engraved extinguisher* clapped over his *snuff*, when it pops out, I warrant you. By George, he's the salamander of the nation; fire's his element—tallow's mine, ye see—and so's every man's, according to

to his trade. He was one of the best friends I ever had to my back; for I sold twelve hundred dozen of candles to illuminate his Nile victory, so I've a right to speak up for him. *Gemmen*, we're all *anonymous*, be ye all charged—all upon your legs? Three times three—*Gemmen*, remember, and then dash off into 'Rule *Brit-anney*;' I'll give ye the pitch, *gemmen*, so here goes: — 'To the wooden walls.'

Down gulphed the port, and redundant were the cheers, till the echoing yell ceasing, the chairman, clearing his voice, struck up the first stave of "Rule Britannia," but in so horrid and discordant a tone, that the doctor declared it was enough to frighten any body into *fits*.

"You're the *worst* singer, Master Dip, I ever heard in my life," continued he;
"you

"you have no lungs; with a hoarse wheeze that confirms a catarrh."

"He sings more *liker* an old *sheep*," said the butcher.

"D—me, if he sings as well as my *goose*," cried the taylor.

"There's a c—d fuz in his gullet that wants *cropping*," answered the barber.

"His pipes are *glued* up, seemingly," said the carpenter.

"Or else his throat wants a little *bush-harrowing*," replied the farmer.

"Give him some allum-water," cried the baker.

"*Shoe*! his lungs are all like *leather*," said

said the shoe-maker; "he whistles through his nose like an old pair of bellows, with the hole stopped up."

Here the volunteer songster could no longer support the ironical contest; and being a little dumpty man who could neither make himself *heard* or *seen*, he leaped upon the table in an energy of passion, and thus addressed his assailants:

"*Gemmen*, I have borne your impudence like a second Job, but I'll put up with your ill treatment no longer; the doctor being the first man who affronted me, I challenge him; if he don't fight, I'll dip him in my grease-tub. What the d—l, *gemmen*, would you have? If a man can't sing, he must make the best sort of noise he can, to *please* the company."

"Let

"Let somebody else pitch it," cried the unanimous group.

"No such a thing," continued the chairman; "I'll *pitch* my *fist* in any man's face as dares to take up my song; you're all a vulgar set, as knows nothing about music and harmony, that's the thing; I only pitched it *B* natural, instead of *B* sharp."

"You're a pretty sort of a fellow for a *cheerman*," cried one. "Come down, you, Sir; don't stand and threaten—let's have a touch at ye," said the butcher. "I'll work his *lights*, a saucy chap,"

Down leaped little Dip, and at it they went, till, in the fury of the contest, the table was upset, and the crash of the bottles and glasses brought the landlord to the scene of confusion, by which

which time the chairman had received from the butcher a dreadful black eye.

“No fighting, no fighting, *gemmen*,” cried the landlord, raising the table. —“Who’s to pay the damages?”

The word, damage, restored silence, for the clamour instantly ceased, as each man contemplated the mischief his folly had occasioned ; and at length it was decided, as all parties had lent a hand, the reparation must be funded jointly.

Thus, though Britannia could rule the waves. she possessed no power over these village disputants; and Mr. Dip, with the landlady’s assistance, having swarthed up his eye in several folds of brandied rag, reeled home oppressed with pain, liquor, and anger, vowing vengeance and law-suits in consequence of this scurrilous attack.

Thus

Thus ended a day designed to have constituted peace and pleasure, whereas the demon of discord, inflaming the pupils of ignorance, rendered the meeting, or rather the parting, a scene of confusion, folly, and vulgarity; in short, it was a sort of Irish merry-making, concluding with broken heads, black eyes, and bloody noses, by way of prize-medals, to commemorate the memorable day.

CHEESE-CAKE

CHEESE-CAKE CHARITY.



PASSING the pastry-cook's, at Margate, in my way home, I recognized, through the window, the profile of a lady's face, whom I had occasionally met with in some of my sociable winter evening parties.

She was taking her ice with a friend, very comfortably, lolling half over the counter, when a little chimney-sweeper, peeping in, entreated her charity.

“ One halfpenny, please you, my lady, one halfpenny for poor sooterkin, to buy porridge to-morrow morning—do, pray do, my lady.”

The

The lady's charity glowed to *manifest* itself to a few observers, for snatching up a two-penny cheese-cake, she dropped the luxurious treat, as she thought it, into his extended, sooty hand.

The little grinning petitioner made her a low bow as he gazed on it, but it did not seem the sort of charity he wished or solicited; however, he set his white teeth into it, and finished it in three mouthfuls.

How ridiculously bombastic, thus to *squander* two-pence, the produce of which vanished in an instant, without any satisfaction to the craving appetite; beside, the poor fellow only requested a quarter-part the sum, to spend for a basin of rice-porridge at peep of day, to warm his empty stomach as he whistled to his labour with his bag and brush, while this happier mortal was stumbling on

on her downy pillow, insensible to the comfort of this anticipated mess.

"He shan't be disappointed," said I to myself, as I followed him.

"Sooterkin," said I, "dost love porridge, boy?"

He grinned—shook his head.

"When I can get a halfpenny," replied he, "I always save it to buy porridge; and then of a cold morning I don't mind turning out, when my belly's warm, and my chilblains a'n't painful."

"And that mess makes you comfortable?" continued I.

"Yes; and then I whistles as merry as a lark, and goes to work happy."

“Is it possible?” thought I, ‘fixing an eye of pity on the little slave before me. “Ah! God, who could deny thee thy homely porridge, after thy innocent avowal of its comforts?—Here, boy, take this shilling, and be sure you don’t spend it in trumpery cheese-cakes—lay it out in porridge, and it will last twenty-four mornings.”

The child of misery blessed me with the infant voice of sincerity, promised faithfully to obey my injunction, and set off homeward in high glee, anticipating the numerous messes he should enjoy.

“This *cheese-cake - charity*, thought I, was bestowed in the impulse of the moment, ere reflection impressed the mind with ideas suitable to the object, because it was pampering an appetite Providence never designed to taste the luxuries of life; and therefore it was more than probable,

bable, that the gout of such a dainty would render the general system of his food hereafter more disgusting and unpalatable than the little hard-faring mortal had ever before thought it—so far it was a prejudicial gift, although the donor, no doubt, would have contended that it was a treat which his pocket could not well have afforded him, and therefore more kind in her to gratify his wishful eye, and longing heart.—’Twas, however, a system of charity I shall never adopt, and though my shilling may be spent equally idly by its simple possessor, yet it was at least given with a better intention.

ROSA'S BENEDICTION.



"Blow me a kiss, pussey," said a sweet infantine voice, from the coral lip of a lovely girl, squatted on the threshold of a cottage, with a lap full of blossom.

"Blow me one sweet kiss, pussey," repeated she, pillowing her rosy cheek, and little black sparkling eyes on the rough stone sill, to peep at a favourite kitten, who was couched under a matted chair.

"I love you dearly, pussey—shake hands—don't scratch Rosa—Oh! poor, poor!"

The

The child's artless address to her cat, delighted me.

"Pretty Rosa," said I, "will you give pussey to me for this nice cake?"

"Oh! no, no," replied she, shaking her little head, and archly leering up at me through her long silken eye-lashes, while she stretched out her hand, and drew the kitten into her lap. "I love pussey better than the cake;" saying which, she kissed and fondled the little animal on her bosom.

"Come, Rosa," cried her mother (whom my voice had brought to the door, with another lovely baby in her arms), "Come, Rosa, you must say your prayers, and go to bed."

"And pussey go, too?" answered Rosa, still clasping her little cat.

The cottager smiled—laid her infant in its cradle—and in one minute Rosa's night-cap and bed-gown were slipped on, and kneeling in her mother's lap—her little fat hands clasped together—the blossoms placed in her bosom—and the cat hung over her arm; she in that beautiful, interesting attitude, repeated, in the sweetest lisping sound, her evening prayer to her Creator. Here she paused.

“And what's next, Rosa?” said her mother.

“Pray, God bless daddy, mammy, and baby-boy, and all friends; and all good people, and God bless *pussey*, too. Amen.

“Sweet innocent!” said I, as her mother caressed her, “thy charming benediction dilates my very soul.—How pure that incense rises to the throne of Heaven—

Heaven—precious as the repentant tear of guilt.”

“Rosa’s a funny little figure in bed, your honour,” said the cottager, “for the flowers are scattered all over her pillow, and she cuddles the cat close to her cheek.”

Oh, what a picture she’d make! What a charming subject for a fertile genius, and an animated pencil! Sweet dreams to thee, beauteous Rosa, lovely emblem of peace and innocence. I could envy the very cat, that inhales the perfume of thy breath. The blossoms that surround thy head will fade ere day spring, but the guardian angel who hovers around thy pillow, will preserve and restore thee, blooming and refreshed, contrasting the beauties of human nature with those of the vegetable creation.

A FAMILY SUPPER.

Just as I was turning my step into the door of the hotel, who should catch me by the sleeve but Mrs. Gull, the auction dupe.

"I'm as glad as *ef* I found *two-pence*," cried she, introducing me to her beloved husband. "This here *gentleman* is *Muster* Gull.—We have been searching for you, high and low, this half hour, to ax you to take a bit of family supper with us; for we expects a few *quaintances* to-night, and we shall be pretty jolly, I hope."

"Aye,

“Aye, do be friendly, Sir; let’s have the pleasure of your company,” said Mr. Gull. “Come as soon as you can.—If you love a pipe, I can treat you with some of the best *bacca* in England.”

I assured him I never smoked, but could find no means to elude the invitation, and therefore promised my company.

“Come, join our walk, then,” continued Mrs. Gull, “we’re a going *a-top* of the Pier to catch a little *hare*, if we can, for I’ve *melted a pound* to-day, it has been so *broilation* hot.—I’m sure I could have fried pancakes in the palms of my hands. Phugh!—how hot it is. We all had a drop of brandy after tea, thinking to *cool* ourselves, instead of which, I declare my inside is all in a *fomentation*; whosoever, I hope a bit of supper will make us all com-

fortable—so come along, our friends are a waiting for us.”

Now, as I did not want to catch a *hare* on the *top* of the Pier, I declined the promenade, assuring Mrs. Gull I would wait on her at supper; and punctual to the appointed hour of half past nine, I rapped at the door of her lodgings in the Crescent.

Here I was ushered into a very genteel dining-room, where a beautiful damask table-cloth was already covered, or rather disgraced, by a range of queen's-ware plates, a set of which utensils would, in my opinion, vulgarize even the elegance of a larded pheasant; however, it seemed equally useful to contain this family supper, it being not unaptly adapted to its *style*, for on the top of the table smoked one of the largest cod-fish that ever swam,
whose

whose head and tail projecting nine inches each way over the rim of the dish, conveyed its potent effluvia into every body's face.

At the bottom, reeking in boiling pearls, that glistened on its swarthy rind, was placed a nice *twelve-pounder*, in the shape of a leg of pork.

On one side were three enormous cabbages, that had grown white-headed and hard-hearted in the service of the gardener; and opposite to them, were a couple of prodigious large capons, who, with their heads tucked under their *arms*, appeared to be leering at the delicious produce of the east, combined in the form of a *gallon* plumb-pudding, in which, probably, some of their little grand-children had been massacred.

"You see your supper, good folks," cried Mrs. Gull—"I've no kickshaws for you—I likes *upstantial* things. I'm none of your fashionable sort of folks, as tickles people's mouths with a feather—I likes to give them a hearty welcome, and a *belly-full*—none of your stingy, starvation work for me. Come, you don't eat hearty—peck away—peck away.—Who'll have a relish of pork *along* with their fowl? Or what say you all to a thimble-full of Hollands or brandy, to correct the *assiduities* of the fish?"

Some accepted—some declined it.

"Don't be squeamish," continued Mrs. Gull, "do as I do; use yourself to a thing, and it soon comes *natral*. I suppose I could better drink a pot of beer, or a bottle of wine, than many people could swallow a spoonful; but its *use*,
you

you see, does every thing—and whose brisker, or nimbler, or younger than I am? Lord, I could jig it away at any of your city balls, and keep it up with more spirit than half the young *qualitified* sprigs, couldn't I, Joe?"

"Aye, you be one of the *nonperrell* sort, sure enough, lovey," replied Mr. Gull. "Shall I send you a drum-stick, or an *elbow*?"

"Oh! an *elbow* and a *fin*," answered Mrs. Gull.

The request was complied with; and, after pinning a towel over her bosom, Mrs. Gull began enjoying her bones, by gnawing the brown crisp *elbows* of the capons; and after repeatedly gorging three folds of a cabbage, rolled round her fork, while the melted butter trickled
down

welcome—and I hope you've all been as happy as,"—*hiccough*—"Dear me, I am choking with words, and can't get them up, somehow,"—*hiccough*—"You all know my meaning, however, as well as I do myself; so I'll drink all your good healths, and to our next merry meeting," and down she flapped into her chair—*hiccoughing*—rapping the table, to enforce the applause due to her oratorical exertions.

"*Brayoo!* duck, *brayoo!*" exclaimed Mr. Gull—"Nobody couldn't do better off hand, I say—you're a growing a *capitable* chair-woman—you'll soon be *notified* at our Barbican *garlars*, next winter."

"'Twon't be the first time," hiccoughed Mrs. Gull. "'Tis not every woman in my *spear* of life can boast of being a *chair-woman*, but I was always a dab at it, wasn't I, Joe?"

"Whush!"

"Whush!" cried Mr. Gull, winking up his eye. "What you *have* been, my duck, and what you *are* now, are two very different things.—Call yourself *precidun*, and I'll be your *debetee*.—I don't like the word *chair-man*, and *chair-woman*, it has such a low sound, somehow—so, Mrs. *Precidun*, a glass of thanks to you, and may you live long, and we all to see it."

I now bent my most reverential bow of departure to the presidentress, who giving me a hearty squeeze, begged I would make her happy by coming as often as I pleased, to partake a *family supper*.

"And if I am never better pleased than I have been to-night," thought I, "I shall seldom trouble the family, or diminish their nightly *gorging matches*."

How would the delicate stomach have been

been appalled at such species of gluttony! How would Lady Squeamish have execrated the caterer who had provided more than a potted wheat-ear, and a whipt-cream, or a spoonful of Christmas peas, with the thigh of a woodcock? Yet such a fairy feast would illy have gratified the voracity of a *city* stomach, for Mrs. Gull was one of Queen Bess's own breed, who would scarce have raised an objection to a rump-steak and shalots for *breakfast*.

Such is the difference of taste—such the contrast of nature. Lady Squeamish would have expired at the sight of Mrs. Gull's family supper, while Mrs. Gull could not have lived on the provision of her ladyship's elegant kickshaws.

So much for my new acquaintance, thought I. Had I deputed some hungry

gry plough-boy to have taken my seat, he would have done more justice to the pork and cabbage than I did, though I am a professed supperist in one distinct line of propriety and medium.—Every man to his liking.—One sips his bason of milk, a second enjoys his mess of leek-porridge—a third whets his knife in high glee for his slice of pork and cabbage—while a fourth minces a fricasseed egg; so that what delights me displeases my neighbours. . And thus wags the world, supported by gluttony on one hand, and luxury on the other; while the wretched child of poverty devours his mouldy crust in an untiled garret, or a damp cellar, where his likes or dislikes are equally disregarded by the forgetful pupils of luxury.

THE DEAD ASS.

“Poor, dear creature!” exclaimed a voice (as I passed through a fertile meadow the next morning)—“Poor little innocent thing!” continued the tone, in a low murmur of compassion.

The sound drew my attention, and I immediately turned to notice the object thus mournfully addressed.

It was a young cottage girl, in homely peasant garb, her long black hair hanging loosely on her sun-burnt bosom, shaded only by a ragged cap.

She

She was seated at the side of a dry ditch, meditating, with tearful eye, a little dead foal, over whose ragged mottled coat its poor mother was snuffing and licking its lifeless form, in all the energy of animal sensibility and affection.

The poor cottager had, it seemed, brought a halter to lead it home in, which, with a long bramble, lay in her lap, while she sat pensively contemplating and bemoaning the loss of this cosset, the tears stealing down her cheeks, and trickling from the ends of her jetty locks upon her nerveless hand, for the girl sat like a statue of despair.

“Why shed those useless tears?” asked I—“That’s adding folly to misfortune.”

“I can’t help it,” replied the girl, “I loved it so dearly. It used to follow me home,

home, so pretty, for a-cabbage-leaf.—And now, I suppose, the poor mother will fret, and her milk won't be fit for the sick lady, to-day; however, I'll carry it home across my back, and shew it to father, for it shan't lay here to be mauled by the crows.—Pray, Sir, will you be so kind to lend me a hand with it?"

"No, my good girl, by no means; let it lay, and do you go and ask your father's advice about it."

The girl refused to comply.

"No, Sir—pray do lift it up—its as light as a cork—I have but two fields to carry it—I shall soon scamper away."

So slinging the halter round her waist, and tying up her long tangling hair with a broad green rush, which she gathered
from

from the side of a rivulet, she endeavoured to raise the foal.

Seeing she persevered in her idea, I placed it across her back, and in that attitude, without shoe or stocking, and the ass pacing by her side, she set off on a jog trot.

Determined to see if she was capable of supporting her burthen, I followed her, and at the end of the meadow I saw her drop a sliding curtsey to a lady, who was dragging home a tired infant, complaining that it wanted to be carried.

“Pooh!” cried the lady, “I can’t carry you, child. See, look at foolish Judy, loaded with a dead ass! Have you taken leave of your senses, girl? Where in the world are you going? Chuck the creature into the ditch, and if you’ll carry home

home my little boy, I'll give you sixpence."

"No, thank you, my Lady," said Judy, moving along.

"Why, have you the audacity to prefer carrying a dead ass, to a live christian? A very pretty compliment, Miss Saucebox.—No more broth and milk for you any more.—Come near my door at your peril, you pert hussey—you may be glad to cut the animal up into a *pie*, and make yourself a *jacket* of his skin, before I'll feed and clothe you again, you little raggamuffin."

"I beg your Ladyship's pardon," replied Judy, curtseying, with the foal upon her back, whose weight bore so heavy on her neck that she could scarce look up.

"Speak

"Speak to me if you dare," answered the lady, dragging along her tired child.

Judy glanced a pitiful look at me, and again trotted on.

"Is it possible?" said I, as I paced, musing, behind her—"Is it possible this arrogant being could refuse carrying her own infant, after meeting such an example as this unenlightened cottager, bear a brute, and thus to revile Nature's favourite virtue, in the angelic form of humanity? I question if him who one day bears thee in like manner on his shoulder, will value thee half as much for thy virtues as this girl did the dead ass, the harmless, unoffending companion of her leisure hours."

Had Judy accepted the proffered sixpence, and relinquished her burthen, I

should have had a very poor opinion of her stability, whereas I now proved her faithful and firm.

“Yonder’s my cottage,” said she, pointing to a wretched clay hovel; “but there’s nobody at home, for the door’s shut. I wonder what dad will do with poor Neddy?—He won’t be made into a pie, however, I’m sure, for all the lady was so cruel to say so; but as to his poor skin, it would make me a rare warm jacket next winter, to be sure, if dad can’t sell it; but it’s a sad job, for we meant to bring it up, for market—it would have fetched half a guinea next autumn, and made us quite *rich*.”

The girl’s artless soliloquy touched my feelings—I drew out my little canvas bag—a half guinea glistened in one corner—my hand dived irresistibly towards it

it—I grasped it with inward satisfaction, and as I assisted Judy to lay down her burthen, I slipped it into her hand, and bidding her give it her poor father to repay his loss, I turned back from the interesting scene, leaving the grateful little cottager to repeat the story.

THE POPPY PILLOW.



Mrsine homewards through a corn-field, I met with a decrepid old man gathering poppies. A small basket hung on his arm, filled with the gorgeous blossom.

A bunch of corn, blue-bells, and wild heath, ornamented his ragged hat, with the rim of which he was dipping a draught of water from a clean rivulet.

“ Good-morrow, friend,” said I, as he civilly bowed his head ; “ you have been busy, this morning ; why, you have selected poppies enough to set the whole town in a general snore.”

“ *Ees,*”

"*Ees*," replied the grey-bearded rustic, "here be *enow*, pretty well, I think."

"I suppose they are to make into syrup," said I.

"No, they ben't, though," replied the old man, smiling, "they be for a *pillow*."

"A pillow!" repeated I; "Why, who is so ill to require such a potent charm?"

"Why, nobody an't ill," answered he, "it be for a whim, I believe; 'tis for a great gentleman in Hawley Square, what *comed* down in a *coach* and four horses, to wash away his sins and wickedness, if *a* could; for the folks says, the d—I always sits upon *a's* shoulder, because *a's* done a power of black actions in the outlandish countries; and so, now, *a* can't sleep for it; and he be ordered to clap a pillow of poppies under *a's* head to make *un stupid* a

bit, but I *doan't* think 'twool' do at all; I never had a pillow in all my life, and yet I never makes but *one* sleep all night; but then, ye see, my heart an't like *his'n*; 'teen't got no *black spots* upon it; no, no, I warrant ye, if all the swans in the world was plucked to make *un* a bed, a never could lie as comfortable and easy as a pig upon a dunghill."

What a comparison ! yet, it was no erroneous idea. Few Christians sleep so sound and happy as the monarch of a sty, whose slumbers many an aching head and heart might envy.

" Well, *marcy* upon us," continued the old man, " I don't envy he *a's* riches ; I should be *afear'd* to carry any of it in my pocket, for fear *um* should all turn into *ghostes*. No cut-throat pennies for me—they'll never prosper."

" Its.

"Its pity they ever should," replied I.

"Aye, but they do, though," rejoined he, "for *a* lives as grand as *Cæsar*, and rolls in *oceans* of *luxuries*; 'twor but last Christmas-day that *a* stuffed *a*-self with cherries and green-pease till *a* couldn't stir; and then *a* slouches into *a*'s *coach*, and never cares who *a* *scrunches* under *a*'s wheels—no, not he;—*a* thinks no more of a poor creature than I would of a *wasp*; *a* calls *um* all *varmunt*. However, he's nothing but a *worm*, though *a*'s got a shiny coat."

"And yet, with all his crimes upon his head, don't you pity him?"

"No, I *doan't*, upon honour.—What's the use of pitying a man as *doan't* know *what* pity is? 'Teen't worth much, to be sure, because it *costes* nothing; but then,

there's no use in wasting it, like, upon an *unbefeeling opjack*."

"Poor wretch," ejaculated I; "the somnific poppy will have no charm for thee; for though it lulls, in temporary tranquillity, the maddened brain of despair, it cannot deaden the virulent cancer that corrodes thy heart!"

"Aye, his heart's all made of *proud-flesh*, sure *enow*," answered the old man; "I would not have such a one for all he's worth; 'faith, he's had fine *crapping* in the foreign countries, for he *crapped* all as *comed* in his clutches; first he *crapped* fathers, and mothers, and children, sheered *um* down like grass, and then *crapped* all their riches, and jewels, and land, and *housen*; and 'cause, one day he met a *neger* girl with a fine head of hair; he had her *scoltopped*;—your honour knows what

what *scollopping* is—'tis an outlandish word for tearing off people's *skulls*; but, however, he only had the skin of her head peeled off with the hair, and so it was *barbecued* into a wig for himself; and if you was but to see him you'd be frightened, for it sticks an *eend* in all manner of forms, like a *porkepine*; and it will never lay straight as long as he lives—it will always be a *sticking-up judgment* upon him."

Meditating as I was, with horror, on the enormities of this human monster, the idea of a *sticking-up judgment* roused my mirthful feelings, and curled my lip into a smile.

The old man frowned, as if he doubted my credulity.

"Its no laughing matter," resumed

H 5

he;

he; "its a stark-naked truth. I heard his own *wallet* say, his master had cut off thousands of *neger*-men's ears; and if he'd a pickled them, they'd have filled a hogshead. Some was *slashed* off, and some *twisted* off by the *roots*."

"For God's sake," cried I, "repeat no more horrors!—away with the poppies—and, like an angel of mercy, lay this oblivious pillow beneath the frenzied brain of anguish and unceasing misery."

"I'm going as fast as my *rheumatiz* will let me," said the old man, hanging the basket on his arm, and hobbling slowly away. "But, depend on it," added he, shaking his venerable white locks at me, "'tan't poppies will ever make a wicked man sleep easy; the beggar, who lies under a hedge, upon thorns
and

and fuzzes, will always have the *softest* pillow, and the *happiest* dreams."

Away tottered this rustic Morpheus, with his magic treasures; and whether the spell was sufficiently powerful to effect the purpose for which they were selected, I know not; but, Heaven grant the vices of my heart may never compel me to seek such a remedy to tranquillize a brain of torment!

AN ESSAY ON BUNDLES.



WHEN I came into the High-street, who should I meet but Mrs. Bustle, hurrying on towards the Pier, with an enormous bundle dangling before her, which being poised on the summit of her corpulent rotundity, rolled like a ship in a storm.

The contents of this cumbrous bundle, struck me in one moment to be a handkerchief of provisions; for the *dabs* of grease — stains of red wine — and streamlets of mustard, that had coalesced in patches over the snowy wrapper, tended to

to a full conviction of the fact, had not Mrs. Bustle thus declared it :

“Lauk-a-daisy, who’d a thought of meeting you? Where d’ye think I’m a going, *lugging* this here *crumation* bundle? My *darters* would not carry it, *forsooth*! they are gone *an* towards the boat, for we’re a going a fishing; and so, ye see, I thought it *wought* be pleasant enough to pick a bit in the boat, instead of coming home; so, I’ve got a pound of ham and four *hunks* of *brem-butter*, and a lot of mustard in a gallipot, *kivened* with a piece of *blather*; I hope in God, it won’t run out—I shall be in a fine condition, if it does.”

“I am rather fearful it has, Madam, if one may judge from appearances,” said I, pointing to the spots.

“Oh,

“Oh, merciful me!” exclaimed Mrs. Bustle, examining the bundle; “oh, gracious, what a mess!—all over the front of my petticoat, too, I declare—nothing but mustard and grease—I’m like a *walking oil-shop*. Well, who’d have thought it? I never was served such a trick in my life; and yet I have carried thousands of bundles in my time.—Lord, I’ve tied up many a calve’s head and a pound of bacon in a handkerchief, and *swinged* it along upon my *fore-finger*; why, I once carried a poor family a *hot plumb-pudding* and a pound of butter, tied up in cabbage-leaves, and never had *no accident*; but, you see, my *darters* have got such high notions about its being *vulgar* to carry bundles, that they’d sooner starve than do such a thing in the summer-time; they spoiled three muff-linings last winter, with their whims of cramming my marketings into them, be-
cause

cause they did not choose to be seen loaded; and then they laughed and called them *portable cupboards*; but I had my revenge, for last frost, my Peggy had been to market, and crammed her muff quite full with *black-puddings, pig's-pettitoes, and a lot of giblets*; and so, going mincing along, as nobody shou'dn't know she'd got a package, up flew her heels; away went the muff, and out comes a goose's neck at one end, and a black-pudding at the other; a gentleman whipped it up, and, popping his arm through it, got a whole *handful of the pig's liver and lights*;—he fell to swearing—chucked the poor bear-skin smack down, and away bounced the pettitoes into the kennel. Peg was so mad—the people began to hiss and hoot; so she scrambled up as well as she could, whipped up her muff, and scouted home through all the alleys she could find; and from that day to this, she

she never will go to market; and when I say, pop any thing into a *handkerchief*, 'That I won't,' says Miss, 'if I die for't; there's nothing so beggarly as a *bundle*—no gentlewoman is ever seen with such a disgraceful, *vulgar badge*, I'll carry any thing in a *paper*, but I'll never carry a bundle;' and so, I am obliged to be fag; but I believe it will be the last time, for I've got enough of it to-day."

"Indeed, Madam," replied I, "you must pardon me, if I subjoin opinion with the young ladies. I confess I have often formed a very second-rate opinion, of a lady's quality, when I have met her, dangling a bundle; 'tis so truly plebeian—so like *mammy*, fagging along behind *daddy* and *Jacky* to Bagnigge Wells in the *dog-days*, with a *clean apron*, a *rain cloak*, and *Jacky's etceteras*, swinging in
a pocket."

pocket-handkerchief. Oh, my dear Madam, does not the idea strike you forcibly? Who, therefore, that could avoid bearing such a stamp of vulgarity, would ever adopt it? It may be a very proper convenience for some peculiar class of people, but it certainly is a very improper appendage to a superior order. Abolish, therefore, this hideous mode of conveyance—place yourself before your mirror genteelly dressed—then take up a bundle, and say to the encumbered polygraph, ‘Do I look like a gentlewoman?’ But if you wrap the contents of the package in a sheet of *paper*, and observe the difference, depend upon it, if it contains even cat’s-meat, a duchess would only suspect it to be a millinery parcel, consisting, perhaps, of some costly plume, curious flower, or valuable card of lace; you’ll then bear the denomination of gentility, instead of being ridiculed as the *vulgar-looking* woman, and her *bundle*.”

“ Well,

“ Well, I declare that thought never struck me,” answered Mrs. Bustle ; “ but certainly your’s is a sound argument, sure enough ; and, from this day, I’ll never subject myself to be taken for a vulgar woman. I shall think of your notions as long as I live ; and I’m sure my girls will be everlastingly obliged to you for giving me the hint. However, as I can’t return home, now, I must brush along to the Pier, for they’ll wonder where I’m staying ; but there’s nothing like living and *larning*. Good by—God bless you—thank you for your advice—and if ever you see me carrying *another* bundle, set me down for an *obstinate*, ignorant woman, and I’ll forgive you.”

Away waddled Mrs. Bustle, in high condition, and, I warrant, expatiated in no very short harangue, on the important subject she had so accidentally collected.

Reader,

Reader, if thou hast ever carried a bundle, either through inadvertency or necessity, think on me; I dearly venerate female elegance, and I cannot tacitly submit to see it disgraced,

“ Pshaw! what a strange quiz this Observant Pedestrian must be,” exclaims the notable wife. “ What a ridiculous, proud being it is. If that’s meant for a *touch at me*, I sha’n’t notice it; I see no disgrace in it;—I hate such high-flown, satirical people. This is a sort of lecture on heads and hearts, methinks. Better mend his own, and leave other people’s alone.”

Thank you for the hint, fair reader, I spurn not your advice; as an erring mortal I bow to the decision of every impartial decree, however, I may be execrated for my particularities; but such is
my

like a bundle, and such it will
 struct remain, in spite of all female con-
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THE BLOCK-HEAD.

CALLING in at the perfumer's, in my way home, to purchase a pocket-comb, I was mightily diverted by the entrance of a flirting young female, who, bounding into the shop—

“I want a block-head, Mr. Friz,” said she; “have you got one in the house the size of my wig?”

“No, Ma'am,” replied Mr. Friz, very gravely, “I have a *paper skull*, I believe, would fit it exact.”

“Oh, that won't do; I might as well dress

dress it upon my *own* head. Bless me, I did not think there was any difficulty in procuring a block-head, at Margate."

"There certainly are a *great number* in the town, Ma'am," replied Friz, puckering his features to prevent laughing.

"And pray, then, where would you recommend me to purchase one?" replied the lady, not observing she was quizzed.

"Upon my word, Ma'am, I should imagine the raffle-shop's the most *likely* place."

"Really. Well, how much d'ye think is the value of a good handsome looking one?"

"Oh, a very trifle, Ma'am," rejoined Friz. "The handsomest *block-head* in England

England is not, in my opinion, worth more than half a crown."

"Well, that's very reasonable," replied the lady. "If that's the case, I'll step to Were's, or Silver's, and say you recommended *me* there for a *block-head*.—Good morning, Mr. Friz—I'm much obliged to you."

Here the fair lady was rushing out of the shop for an article of which she stood little in need; when, compassion for her weakness, induced me to correct the error she was going to commit.

"Pardon me, Madam," said I; "had you not better enquire for a *poupée*?—for, under the title of *block-head*, your search will be fruitless—every shop will disown such an article."

"Of

“Of what use would a *puppy* be to me, Sir?” asked the lady, apparently piqued at my advice, as she held the lock of the door in her hand.

“Excuse me, Ma’am, I did not mean a *dog*, I said a *poupée*.”

“You may be very wise, and very clever, Sir,” rejoined the lady, “but I shall not ask for a thing I neither want or understand.” And scorning any farther parley on the subject, away she bounced, to enquire for the ludicrous article she identically possessed.

“This is a glaring proof,” said I, “of proffered advice being too often invaluable. Perversity, like the plumage of the cuckoo, never improves.—’Tis a shabby habit that never changes its appearances;

pearances, ever unprepossessing and disgusting; 'tis a weed rooted in the soil of ignorance, that repels the power of cultivation.

A LESSON FOR LOVERS.

“GRINNING,” as the Scotchman says, “like a *singed sheep’s head* on a *grid-iron*,” who should I see just alighted from a curriele, but the celebrated *climacritic Cupid* and his *grey Venus*, dashed down to Margate to recruit their nervous system, and revive the roses of juvenility.

Ogling with *lack-lustre eye*, and toothless jaw, his grisly Venus, as she leaped into his nerveless arms ; the *tottering archer* led her triumphantly into my little parlour, till she could be accommodated.

The maitresse d’hotel, bent her lowest courtesy to the paragon goddess and her

Her wrinkled Cupid, who, after the fatigues of travelling, ordered sandwiches and fruit to be instantly prepared in the *best* room; then, stretching his shrivelled *stilts* upon the sofa,

“ My life—my angel—my *blossom*—how do you find yourself?”

“ *I’m charming,*” replied the *thirteen-stone* Venus, around whose ruby-spotted full-moon cheeks the age-blanchèd ringlets hung in fond luxuriance as she lolled her *purple* elbow on his high bony shoulder, and gave his wrinkled jaws a tender love-pat.

“ Blessings on thee, *chicken,*” returned the doating *boy*. “ We ought to apologize to this good gentleman for thus intruding; but I trust his goodness will pardon the liberty for a few moments longer.”

“You’re extremely welcome to rest yourself as long as agreeable, Sir,” answered I; “if you will only permit me to pen a few lines during your presence, on a subject of importance.”

Cupid grinned; shrugged his *pinions*; begged his presence might be no prevention; while Venus, shaking her *snow-drops* at me, in token of similar assent, I assumed my goose-quill, and thus amused the moment in penning down love-whispers.

My head resting in my hand, I had a fair peep at my *objects* through the crevice of my fingers; and they, supposing me completely engaged on a very different topic, improved the happy moment of my imagined meditations; and as I have hitherto declared myself a tolerable proficient in the science of stenography,
I copied

I copied the following rhapsodies very expeditiously:

“My sweetest blossom, you look pale.”

I peeped at her cheek—it outvied the *piony*.

“My life, I hope you’ll *pick up* with the effects of bathing.”

Again I peeped;—no pig could be fatter.—What she was to pick up, therefore, must be a new suitor.

“My angel, you appear low-spirited.”

I leered at the brandy-bottle upon the side-board; the lady, too, mechanically turned her eye in the same direction.

“Would you like a cake, my soul?”

THE NETTING GIRL.



SHE was sitting at the door of a hovel, against whose lowly roof the stately hollyhock reared its majestic head in gay luxuriance, contrasting her milder beauty; for she was a fair and lovely rustic, who was wrapping herself up in the net she was weaving, part of which she had thrown over her head in a fantastic veil, the rest depended from her shoulders to the ground.

The sun in full splendor burnished the fragrant shrubs that overhung the paling of the wild garden, and the robin, perched on a rose-bush, carolled his

his vesper hymn in concert with the melodious ditty this fascinating cottager was warbling as I approached.

She was busily netting, but she ceased her song as I leaned over the low wicket.

“You’re prettily ‘tangled, my girl,” said I; “is it thus you mean to entwine hearts?—If that’s the case, good sport to you, fair fisher.”

The girl blushed; the net still hung half over her face, and as she smiled at my address, her dimpled cheek, her pearly teeth, and soft blue eyes, rendered her a really beautiful object, not unworthy the crayon of a Russel.

“You must not talk to me, stranger,” cried she, “for yonder comes father, and

he's very strict; he won't even suffer me to sit at the door, when he's at home; so, I'll run in, with your leave;" and up she jumped; but so completely had she webbed herself, she could not disentangle the net before the old man, loaded with a basket of fine fish, stopped at the wicket, which gently opening with his foot, he called "Maria;" who, trailing the net over her arm, made her appearance with a blushing cheek.

"Who were you talking to?" asked the rigid and suspicious parent. "You was not *magging* to that strange gentleman, I hope?"

"No, indeed, father," answered the timid Maria.

"Then, why was you gadding at the door when I'm not at home?"

"Only

"Only for a little air, father."

"Air, quoth *a!* I wonder you don't stick yourself up on the top of the thatch, or mount one of the trees."

Maria sighed, as she stood with her hands folded, the express image of the *Il Penseroso*; though, the moment before this stern parent's arrival, she might have passed for *l'Allegro*.

"Are the beans shelled?—Does the kettle boil?—Is my supper almost ready?"

"Yes, father," answered the pensive Maria, with another deep sigh.

"What are you grunting about, now?" resumed old Crusty. "You're always either ranting, or *moloncholy* mad. Have you made up your mind about young

Gubbins?—Do you mean to have him, or no?"

"Indeed, father, I have not thought about him once to-day."

"No, I dare say not; but you've been thinking about Master Belmont, I war'nt me; so, now, d'ye hear—If ever I catch him leering a hawk's eye at you any more, I'll shoot him, by Jingo."

Maria's downcast eyes were instantly suffused in tears.

"Aye, at it again," continued the old man. "Pipe away—down with your crocodiles—you've got plenty at command, I know, but I don't value them a rush. I tell you, again, if you don't marry Gubbins, you shall never marry at all."

Alas,

Alas, poor Maria! said I to myself, thou hast then ensnared the heart of Belmont;—may he be worthy the sincerity with which thy bosom at this moment throbs!—Would I could breathe a word to subdue thy parent's inveterate objection.

As I stood musing, the old man threw off his hat, and sat down at the door with his basket, out of which he drew several fine fish, which he gave Maria to carry in.

Any thing will do for a subject, thought I, if I can but draw this churl into a conversation, and worm out Maria's troubles; so, leaning over the gate, and first admiring the fish—next the romantic beauty of the cottage—and lastly, smelling at the luxuriant roses that crept over my shoulder, the old fellow begged me to accept one, which Maria instantly gathered

gathered and placed in my coat; but ere I had thanked her for the blooming gift, I marked her cheek turn pale, and instantly the stumping of a hob-nailed shoe announced the dowlas lover in the character of Gubbins.

He was a tall, athletic, ill-favoured lout, with a carotty pole, shaded by a straw hat, ornamented with a posey of corn-flowers; a short smock-frock reaching to his knee, displayed his scarlet garter, dangling in slovenly indolence over his wrinkled worsted stocking, while across a huge stick, over his shoulder, hung a dead *pole-cat*, which, it seems, he had brought Maria as a curiosity.

“ Ah, Bob! what’s nabbed yon devil, at last?” said the old man.

“ *Ees, I cotched un my own sel; I be a tight*

tight un at such fun. I zay, lovey, it would ha done thee heart good to zee what a pat of the pole I ge'd un. Come, ge's a buss for the luck *an* it."

"For shame, Gubbins," cried the indignant Maria, struggling in the clown's grasp; "you never did, nor you never shall, take such liberties with me; and so, set off home, for I'm sure I don't want your company."

"Oh, oh!" replied Gubbins, scratching his head, "*dang* my shoes if *yow'd* zay as much to Maister Belmont, though; and zo, an you doan't choose I for a *loveyer*, you may go and lead monkies in *t'other country*, that's all; for I won't be snubbed, for ever and ever.—Got some turtle-dove's eggs in my pocket, but thee *shasn't* have them, now."

"I'm

"I'm sure I wouldn't give a rush for them," replied Maria.

"Hold your saucy tongue, and get out of my sight!" said her enraged father.

Maria rushed into the cottage.

"Danged, if I meets Maister Belmont, if I don't leather him. What's the odds I bean't as good as he?—I be straight and *proper*, and I be healthful and *good-natured*, and *feather* can gi I a little farm, and a rick of hay, and a wheat-mow, and two pigs, and a *keow*, and half a score *ship*; and what *ould* a young thing, like she, want more—for all she've got twenty *poun*?—Let her keep ut; I bean't *covetus*—I loves she, and if she loves me, its a bargain; but if she doan't, why, I'll *smash* at onst—I sha'n't dangle like a cat in a string—no, nor I sha'n't *die* after

after it; for I know mine's a good heart, and an honest heart; and so, if one won't have it, another *wool*;—and now I've a said my say, I'll be off; and so, God bless you, Maister."

The old fisher shook him by the hand, told him the girl would be in a better humour to-morrow, and hoped he'd forgive her ill behaviour; with which comforting hope off set the rejected lover, with his large ears crimsoned with passion and vexation, muttering vengeance as he stumped along.

All's not *fish* for Maria's net, thought I; and that such a clod-pole should meet the rejection of so lively and pretty a girl, is no wonder to me; but the father, like a provident steward, wants to strike a good bargain, I see; and, probably, he may be suspicious of Belmont's designs
not

not being the most honourable; and it is not a very likely supposition, that a *gentleman* should seek a family alliance with a *pauper*; for Maria, though very handsome, is no more than a poor fisherman's daughter, who, like a wild flower blooming in obscurity, has lacked the fostering hand of cultivation to embellish its opening beauties.

"Luckless Maria," sighed I, as I walked slowly away, and the fisher turned surlily into his hovel; "if a stranger's helpless pity can avail thee, plentiful should be the boon; and if thy fidelity seeks its kindred soul in the bosom of Belmont, may it be faithfully rewarded."

GRANNY

GRANNY GREY'S TOMB.



As I approached the church-yard of Margate, the tolling curfew thrilled my heart; for, at a distance, a slow and solemn funeral procession moved towards me, and from the plainness of the bier, indicated the humility of the shrouded form, and whispered to my imagination the name of Granny Grey.

The latent beams of the departing sun, threw a long line of golden radiance on the mournful train—every breeze seemed hushed in reverence of the scene. I stooped forward amidst the group—I distinguished the name I suspected engraved
on.

on the humble coffin :—it contained the last remains of Granny Grey, but the blessed spirit had ascended to the realms of bliss.

Resting one arm upon a sculptured urn, that contained the ashes of the rich man, whose pompous tablet rehearsed the virtues of the sainted sire, I watched the process of the solemn ceremony; and as I marked the voluntary heart-sprung tear of the aged mourners drop on the humble turf, that hid for ever the sacred deposit, I found the tributary pearl of sensibility had bedewed my handkerchief also.

The weeping train departed, and I alone remained; a hollow murmuring wind agitated the cypress branch—the long grass waved lightly o'er the bosoms of its lowly tenants—a group of nettles sprung on the
the

the border of the grave—they attracted my attention—I stooped to root them from the spot, and as I plucked the noisome weed, I dropped one sacred tear to embalm the hallowed mound, while with the point of my penknife I traced the following lines on a small marble foot-stone that joined the grave of Granny Grey.

The blossom droops beneath the storm,
When winter chills its feeble form ;
But spring its beauty shall resume,
And renovate it from the tomb ;
Reviv'd by mercy's genial dew,
Again to bloom with glorious hue.

THE RUSTIC WEDDING.



THE next day being Sunday, off I set to attend divine service, with the promised two-pence for the crab-boy wrapped in a piece of paper, and at the pew-door there I found him.

“Keep your promise, as I have mine,” said I, in a low whisper.

The boy bowed low, in token of acquiescence, and closed the door.

A bustle near the altar now seemed to attract general attention, and almost every female arose from her seat.

I soon

I soon perceived this agitation was in consequence of a rustic wedding, and longing for a peep at the bride, who appeared a very pretty young woman, I quitted my pew, and, like many others, joined the group of spectators round the altar.

The bridegroom was a ploughman, dressed in his holiday smock-frock, with a posey in his bosom, who, hat in hand, stood close wedged by the side of his timid, blushing bride, who, with downcast eyes, was pinching the string of her apron.

The clergyman had proceeded in the ceremony with all due decorum and sanctity, till he came to put the question of 'Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?'

"Ees, that I wool, Zur, wi all my heart"

heart and soul," answered the willing Benedick.

The clerk gave him a wink, and a nudge of the elbow.

"Well, be quiet now, wool ye, a bit; if I bea'n't to speak, how wool the parson know what I do mean? I zed no harm, mun." Then bowing to the clergyman, who was composing his features beneath the covert of his handkerchief—

"Pray, your reverence, *goe an*—don't ye make no stoppage—'twere our clerk's fault, not mine."

The congregation tittered—the bride blushed scarlet—and the service was continued without farther interruption; but no sooner had it ended, than clasping his arms round her neck—

"I'll

“ I’ll give thee the *first buss*,” cried he,
“ and his reverence, then, be main welcome to the *second*, an he pleases.”

“ What, you are at it again,” said the clerk. “ Why, you are out of your wits, man !”

“ No, I be only overjoyed,” replied the happy fellow ; “ and so’s Margery, too, only she’s shame-faced a bit, but that’s all natural.”

The father twitched his sleeve.

“ Do you recollect where you be, son, to behave so foolish ?”

“ Why, I don’t hardly, father, and yet I’ve been *here often enuf*, too ; but then ’twern’t my *wedding-day*, and that makes *all the odds*.”

During this harangue, the clergyman had retired, desiring the clerk to sooth the bridegroom's loquacity.

"But, Zur," said the joyous Benedick, catching his surplus, and drawing from his pocket a little canvas bag, "how much do d'ye ax for making a man happy? An Margery do *turn out well*, I shall be *deadly thankful* to ye, for ever and ever."

Again was poor *Amen* obliged to exert his authority, by telling *Jan* to sit down quiet, till service was over, and then come into the vestry to discharge his fees.

"Well, well, I do hope the *sarmont* wool be short," continued he, "or else leg of mutton wool jump out of pot before we get whoam." Then turning to two or three clodpoles, who wished him
joy,

joy, he invited them to take a cup of ale, in celebration of his nuptials.

The sermon, it seems, answered his wish, for twenty minutes concluded it; and, as the parson retired into the vestry, the happy couple followed, where he made them a present of their fees; and *Jan*, dashing his fist upon the register, after he had signed his *mark*, declared, he did not care *how often* he was married, if it made him so happy, and *cost nothing* into the bargain.

THE MUTTON-PIE.



HOBBLING home with a large hot mutton-pie, in a red dish, just smoking from the oven, a poor, decrepid, deaf, old woman, was crossing the road with her Sunday treat, when a dashing young buck, mounted upon a furious Rosinante, gallopped over her, and levelled both her and her nut-brown pie, into which the ungovernable steed stuck his hind hoof, and shivered the dish into a thousand pieces.

The relishing steaks were smoking in a puddle of mud; and the old woman's gown tail lay over her head; when, darting to her assistance, I picked her up.

She

She was more frightened than hurt; but the loss of her anticipated dinner seemed to her the most distressing part of the business.

In vain the populace hooted, and pursued the cruel despoiler, who, on full-stretch gallop, was out of sight in an instant.

The old woman's yellow handkerchief—blue check apron—and best brown camblet, were sluiced in mud; while her lawn mob—blue top-knot—and black roll, were picked up in a deplorable condition.

Two trickling tears flowed from her *scarlet-rimmed* eyes—two *gutters* of *snuff* had smeared a grotesque pair of *whiskers* over her *grisly beard*—while with two *green and yellow stumps*, and two

- *blue puckered* lips, she was execrating the cause of her misfortune.

Bare-headed, with her grey locks streaming over her shoulders, and her brown shrivelled hands clasped together, she stood like the image of *ugliness* weeping over *destruction*, as I endeavoured to sooth her.

“To think,” cried she, “what a treat I promised myself; for I ha’n’t tasted a bit of meat this fortnight! Oh! I am ruined—I’m an undone woman—’twas the only shilling I had in the world to buy the mutton with, for I’ve been all this while saving it up; and what’s worser, I borrowed the dish of a poor neighbour, who can no more afford to lose it, than I can to pay for it. Lauk-a-daisy! I could hang myself, and I may as well do it, as starve.—

starve. —Oh! what a brute of a man he must be, to ride so wickedly over a poor body, who never hurt or offended him, and then never to stop to see what mischief he'd done—one would wonder what such wretches were made of."

"Never mind," said I—"its a mercy you are not hurt: a trifling expence will pay for both pie and dish; and as, from your appearance, you seem a neat industrious woman, you sha'n't bear any other loss than what your longing appetite may sustain in the present disappointment of your dinner; so take this crown to purchase another to-morrow—repay your neighbour her dish—and take care how you ever again inadvertently cross the road, lest a more serious accident befall you."

"Thanks and blessings on you, kindly
K 4 gentleman,

gentleman, for pitying an old woman's misfortunes," cried the dame. "Well, out of evil cometh good, sure enough. —Why, your noble present, Sir, will buy a matter of three pies, and a dish; and, bless the Lord, except dirting my clothes, I be none the worser; so, Sir, ye servant, and thank ye heartily."

Making me a low, *scrape-foot* courtesy, away hobbled the old dame, most probably to *comfort* herself with a *dram* and a *pinch of snuff*, and to embellish the recital of her accident with all the '*so says I, and so says he,*' she could join together for the entertainment of her gossiping neighbours; some of whom, having witnessed the scene of action, were covetous enough to envy her good fortune, as they stiled it, observing, they should rejoice to be knocked down every Sunday *with a mutton-pie and a crown piece.*"

THE

THE PIG APOLOGY.



WHEN I returned home, the first intelligence I received from one of the under waiters was, that there was a pheasant waiting for me in my parlour.

“A pheasant?” replied I, in astonishment.—“What, a live one in a basket?”

“Yes, Sir, a live pheasant, and a basket,” replied the foolish fellow, marching off in a bustle, as I opened the parlour door, where sat a girl with a basket in her lap.

“Where in the world, child, have you brought me a pheasant from? Is it alive.”

“Lauk! no, Sir, it be a dead pig from *Lunnun*—and here’s a letter all about it.”

She now handed me a crumpled note, containing the following address, verbatim.

“Mrs. Gull’s *best compliments* to her
“*unbeknown frind*, and *requasts* his ex-
“*ception* of a *suckling pig* from her own
“*pork mannefactorry* at *Ornsey*.

“N. B. It is three weeks old, thof its
“rather stunted, on account of having been
“*subjick to fits*, but has been thoroughly
“*purified* with *madder* and *brimstone*, be-
“fore it was stuck, having been very un-
“*fortnight* in my last breeding.”

Convulsed as I felt myself with laughter, I leered at the girl, who had drawn
from

from the basket a little skinny pig, as red and hairy as a gooseberry, tinged, I presume, by the *purification* of the madder.

“Poor thing,” said the girl, as she held it up, “it was always *unhealthy*. I dare say, it must have suffered a great deal, for its ears are slit quite in rags, it was cut *so often* for the fits, mistress says.”

During the girl's soliloquy, I was pondering what to do with my present, whether to return it, and assure the good lady it was an article I never partook of; or whether I had best accept, and give it some poor family, whose hunger might season the unseemly morsel. I, however, determined upon the latter expedient, and dismissed the girl with verbal compliments and thanks.

THE WINGLESS TREASURE.



AFTER the girl's departure, while I was examining the pig, to judge if it was fit for a christian's eating, in bounced the booby who had deceived me in the information of the pheasant.

"Who told you that girl had brought me a pheasant?" asked I.

The ignoramus scratched his head.

"I did not say she'd brought you one, Sir; I called *she herself* a pheasant. I'm only a bit of a country body yet—I ha'n't been three months from *Lunnun*—so,
mayhap,

mayhap, I made a mistake; but I've heard the people in these parts call all the country folks *phegsants*."

"Pooh!" cried I, "peasants, you mean. Never talk about what you do not understand, for it leads not only yourself, but other people, into error—from your idle expression I expected to see a bird, instead of a christian."

"Did you, indeed, Sir? Well, I thought I spoke very *genteelly*; but, I fancy, what's reckoned breeding in town, an't breeding in the country, if this is the case."

"Can you read and spell?" said I.

"Yes, Sir, I can do the one pretty well, but not the t'other; 'tis so troublesome to spell, I never could get over it, rightly."

"And

“And don’t you repent your negligence, when you find yourself a laughing-stock?”

“Why, Sir, I never lighted of any body as *dared* do it, except yourself; but you seem to argufy so well, that I can’t say but I do.”

“If I thought you was as willing to learn as to live, I’d give you a dictionary,” said I.

“Why, the one without t’other an’t much use,” replied the lad; “and I’ve heard so much talk about *Dick-Snarey* being such an example for a *scholard*, that I should be mighty proud of such a present.”

“Then, my lad, to-morrow thou shalt have one; and I will so explain it, that
it

it shall be your own fault if you are ever ridiculed for a booby, while you consult so steady and improving a friend."

While the boy stood bowing, and resting first upon one leg, and then upon the other, with the door creaking in his hand, the chambermaid's sonorous yelp broke the thread of erudition, and he was necessitated to skim off in a trice, but not till he had gratefully thanked me for my promised present, and assured me he would pay the greatest attention in his power to the instruction of *that there Mr. Richard Snarey's* book, being quite crazy to possess such a treasure, because (as he wisely observed, with a sagacious nod, as he closed the door) nobody could ever *rob* him of it.

"Live and learn," is a very ancient motto, but, to an unprejudiced mind 'tis truly

truly interesting; for although I have long since passed the juvenility of life, I should be happy to edify from the instruction of the meanest capacity, and thus judging of others by myself, often induces me to impart what I would so gladly acquire, and I have generally been fortunate enough to mark the progressive good effects of my humble advice.

BLIND

BLIND GRAND-DADDY.



THE afternoon being beautifully inviting, I determined taking a walk to Pegwell, and making a present of this said pig to the fisherman and his hospitable family. "The *colour* will be no *objection*," said I, "and as I sha'n't mention the *fits*, the delicacy of hungry stomachs will not impede the enjoyment it will afford them; but then, how must I convey it? I sha'n't *dangle a pig in a pocket-handkerchief*, of a Sunday; and if I do, they'll probably not be able to dress it at their own peat fire; so, at any rate, it cannot be baked before to-morrow—I'll therefore treat the fisher with a walk to fetch it, in the morning."

Having

Having ended my soliloquy, off I set, and had walked about a mile and a half, when I overtook a poor, blind, old man, led by a blooming little cottager. His garb was cleanliness itself—his blanched hairs floated in the wind—and a straw hat drawn low over his face, concealed the filmed optics that precluded the glorious blessing of light.

Led by the little cottager, his oaken staff-guided the well-known path, from the temple of prayer to the hut of indigence, for the rosy girl had got her bible tucked under her arm, an emblem which immediately discovered to me from whence she came.

“And who are you, little maid?” asked I.

“I am Magdalena, and poor, blind
grand-

grand-daddy," replied the child, dropping a courtesy.

"And you are just come from church?"

"Oh! yes, I go every Sunday in the summer-time, but Will goes in the winter, for fear grand-dad should slip, because he's biggest, to help him along."

"Good girl," said I.—"Here's something to buy you a top-knot, and a new pair of shoes."

The artless girl looked at the money.

"Grand-daddy wants shoes, too," said she—as much as to say, give him a pair.

"Grand-daddy sha'n't walk bare-foot to church," replied I, putting some money into her hand.

The

The poor old man pulled off his hat—
bowed me in the most grateful, humble
manner—and leaning on the naked white
shoulder of Magdalena, pattered his stick
before him, and trotted briskly on to his
level.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.



By the time I had lost sight of these interesting objects, I arrived within view of the fisherman's hut ; who, squatted on the rude stone step, between his wife and mother, was tracing with his rough brown finger the sentences of a new chapter.

One of his arms encircled the neck of his beloved, who seemed attentively listening to the recital of the sacred page, while wrapped in the tail of the old woman's gown lay the sleeping boy.

“ Who loves pig ? ” said I, rather abruptly.

Jan

Jan raised his head—closed the book—and setting his nails into his curly pole, in a *no-meaning scratch*, replied, “Wife was desperate fond of it—but it did not often come to the share of poor folks.”

“But it shall be thine,” replied I, “if thou’lt fetch it from the Margate hotel to-morrow, by nine o’clock.”

“Why, Sir,” said the garrulous old woman, “’tis the very thing upon *yearth*, *Annette* have been wishing for this here very day; but, as I said, says I, what signifies a poor body thinking about out-of-the-way things, what ha’n’t got nobody to give them nothing, nor no money to buy it? So I got her a scrap of pork, and twirled it over our peat fire, and that satisfied her notions a bit—but now, your honour’s talking about a *real* pig, she *wool* have a feast, indeed.”

“And

“And so she shall,” said I.

Annette coloured with joy.

“Your honour’s always as welcome as sunshine at our cottage,” replied she, “for ’tis good luck only to see you, somehow—*Jan* never sold so much fish in his life, as the whole week after your honour dined a-top of the cliff.”

“And I hope I am now come to bring you more, Annette.”

“Yes, ’tis *pig-luck* this time,” answered the old woman; “but pig or no pig, we be always main happy to see you—and I’ll remind my son to come in time—he sha’n’t come too soon, or too late—a sort of *betweenity* time will be *bestish*, for we gets up and goes to rest with the sun—we be all in bed before the stars peep out.”

“And

God to send me as good a wife, and make me as happy as you are. God prosper ye, worthy cottagers, if we meet no more this season—but when another brings me here again, I'll not forget to call, though 'tis probable I may see you once more before my departure from Margate."

Hoping and begging I would honour them with another visit, I left them, and bent my step homeward, eminently delighted with the hope of my present proving so acceptable; secretly determining to rise early, and pack a small basket with tea, sugar, spice, and brandy, as a little nest of comforts for poor Annette in her approaching confinement.

THE SCULLION.



WHEN I got home I found the hour near ten, for I had sauntered and rested, several times during my walk, to contemplate the various tints of expiring day, with the effects of sun-set, glowing o'er the animated beauties of the vegetable world.

I had watched the crimson orb sink in the bosom of the ocean; I had marked his golden radiance dissolve into æther, and viewed the grey mantle of night, shading the fantastic-shaped clouds of various hue, as they floated on the clear expanse of Heaven's concave.

I had meditated through the church-yard;—I had dropped a warm tear on Granny Grey's grave, and my heart was placidly attuned to contemplation, moral and divine, when an idle circumstance destroyed its energy, and sent me laughing to my pillow.

In the little parlour adjoining mine, the partition was so thin, that it was hardly possible to whisper without being heard; and a young fellow, it seemed, just arrived in his *shay*, had set down to his solitary supper; where, the waiter having absconded, he arose from his seat, and having bawled loudly at the door, as if he did not know the use of a bell, the waiter who was attending me, answered his call.

“Send me a scullion, you Sir, and make haste; and, d'ye hear, bring a bottle of *hale* at the same time.” The

The waiter, returning to decant my wine, could not contain his risibility. "What in the world," said he, "can that gentleman want with our scullion? She's not dressed yet;—its impossible she can make her appearance.—However, I'll step and tell her."

He had not been absent two minutes, before, peeping into the gentleman's room, he informed him the scullion was not dressed, but would be there in a few minutes.

"D—n your dressing—send me out *undressed*."

The waiter withdrew, and in a few moments the poor greasy scullion presented herself before him, stroking down her dirty yarn apron, and, with a low courtesy, begged to know what he pleased to want with her.

“Want with *you*, woman!” said he;
 “Why, who are you?—What are you?
 —Where did you spring from, for God’s
 sake?”

“Why, I be the scullion you was *axing*-
 for, Sir,” replied the girl; twiddling her
 fingers and hanging her head on one side.

“Go along for a fool, you stupid-
 wench,” exclaimed the enraged man,
 rising with his knife and fork in his
 hand; “I ask for such a creature as
 you? Why, you ass,” turning to the
 waiter, “don’t you understand English?”

“Yes, Sir; and I’m sure you asked for
 this young woman.”

“It’s a lie—it’s a lie!—I asked for a
 scullion.”

“Well,

"Well; Sir, and this is the scullion."

"Scullion!—rot ye, d'ye know what an *ingun* is?"

"Certainly, Sir."

"Well, then, sirrah, hand out this young *lady* into the *black region* she came from, and bring me the proper thing at once."

"I'm no more come from the *black regions* than *you* are," said the girl, bursting into a fit of passionate tears; "I think you have used me very ill, and I shall tell mistress; and you ought to make me amends—so you ought."

"Come, pack off, pack off," answered he; "don't let's have any of your gab.—Brush, brush, or I'll make you hop in a jiffy."

Finding she could obtain no recompence, the girl went blubbering and muttering away.

“If that bear of a man wasn’t one of master’s customers, I’d teach him how to use a poor harmless creature in such a scandalous manner,” said the waiter; “so, now he may wait on himself for his ill treatment.”

“’Tis evident, he wanted an *escallion*,” replied I; “but as his own impropriety of pronounciation occasioned the mistake, he ought to have treated the victim of his folly with due civility; but there are some stubborn beings whom it is impossible to mould into proper form, and this man seems to belong to that detestable class. Let him, therefore, bawl till he’s tired, and when he complains to your master, explain the reason, and I’ll second it, if required.”

However,

However, another attendant, it seems, who knew not of the bustle, supplied his wants, and I left him quaffing his solitary glass of mixture, when I went to bed, laughing at his folly, and execrating his behaviour.

A BRACE OF SALUTATIONS.



THROWING up my window the next morning, as is my constant custom when I first rise, I overheard the following fashionable salutation between two London bucks; the one just lounging home in his pink pantaloons, from the fatigue of bathing—the other, booted and spurred, appeared just arrived.

“Ah, Dick! — God d—n ye, how d’ye do?”

“Why, you ugly rascal, what’s brought you here?” replied the other; “what a hell of a fright you look in that black scratch.”

“Rot

“Rot your impudence, its as handsome as your carrotty crop,” replied Dick.

“Never talk about beauty; for, you know, when we tossed up which was handsomest, I got the day; but come, walk on, let's hear how the world wags in this quarter.—Come along, you shall take coffee with me at Mitchner's.”

Here I lost the remainder of this curious salutation, but I was presently gratified by another of a very different description, between a cobbler and a butcher.

“Ah, Tom, how are you, my tight one? Dash my buttons, you're grown as fat as a hog.—How d'ye manage it, these hard times—hey?”

"Lord help you, how you jeer me," answered the cobbler; "I'm more like my grandmother's old knitting pin, without a head; for mine's been so *stupid*, lately, its been of no use to me. Talk of *fat*, indeed! my poor carcass would not yield a tallow-chandler a pound of rush-lights."

"Well, I did not like to tell you so, but upon my soul," replied the butcher, "you look like a death's head upon a mop-stick — lantern-jawed — herring-gutted — poker-legged — faith, if you don't look sharp, you'll slip your wind, and give the crows a pudding."

The cobbler fetched a deep sigh; — dropped his lip — stroked his *bristles*, and began to turn pale.

"I'm almost starved," said he, "and that's the truth on it."

"Pshaw,

"Pshaw, nonsense—its a lie; I was only bothering you—I never saw you look better; you're fat, fresh, and frisky."

The cobbler revived—he began to smile; "I don't mind a *joke*, but you went too far, Jack; and you looked so *cerus*, it quite made me feel *queer*."

"Pooh! your booby; jump up behind my horse, and I'll treat you with part of a pint, to revive the cockles of your old foolish heart."

The cobbler seemed to compound the compliment with the cordial drop; so, mounting behind his jocular friend, he swallowed the unseemly salutation, as he, no doubt, meant to do the tête-à-tête pint.

Ruminating

Ruminating on this brace of salutations, the latter of which had made me laugh till I was become purple-visaged, I descended to breakfast.

THE SOOT-PONEY.



HERE, as I sat enjoying my roll and coffee, a groom drove up to the door a most elegant, stylish carriage, to which a pair of beautiful bay horses were attached in tandem, richly harnessed, with frontlets and saddle-cloths of leopard-skin.

The ponies were nagging their heads ; scraping their little feet, and exhibiting all the antics of equestrian perfection ; surrounded by a throng of admiring spectators, some of whom were gaping at the length of the new tippy whip, that raised its thong as high as a one pair of stairs' window ; and the city dasher, to whom
it

Ruminating on an exploding in a few in-
 stants, the latter of which was passing; the
 me laugh till I was he never could have been
 saged, I descended to the lower chambers.

"But for all you be so angry;
 wither's poney.—Bill and I
 the many a mile with two
 of soot in a cart, so, I
 know old Jenny, and
 you, too, for I seed you
 for her at *Lammun*; I
 gave her guineas for her,
 and pretty well all night,
 for, too."

He was convicted of so
 the artless exposi-
 threatened to cane
 his declaration.

Peter, "I said
 my hands, Bill
 will see if s'

and
 my

it belonged, was explaining to a few inquisitives the merit of his ponies; the leader of which, he *swore*, cost him *fifty* guineas; when two little chimney-sweepers passing by, the youngest, throwing down his brush, leaped round the neck of the leading poney, and kissing its turned nose with all the energy of affection, exclaimed, "Oh, Peter, look, here's our little Jenny, I declare! pretty creature, I'm sure she knows me."

"Stand off, you little devil," cried the owner of the vehicle, whose consequence and veracity were instantly levelled by this cruel exposure; "how dare you touch my horses, and raise such a lie, you dog?—go about your business, you idle puppy; it's a likely thing you should know my horse."

"Aye, but we *does*, though, Sir,"
replied

replied Peter, "for all you be so angry; 'twas *our* master's poney.—Bill and I have drove she many a mile with two hundred weight of soot in a cart, so, I think we ought to know old Jenny, and I knows your honour, too, for I seed you buy her and pay for her at *Lunnun*; I seed you give master *six guineas* for her, and Bill and I cried pretty well all night about parting with her, too."

The enraged tippy, convicted of so glaring a falsehood by the artless exposition of poor sooterkin, threatened to cane him if he persisted in such declaration.

"I don't care," cried Peter, "I said no harm.—Ask her to shake hands, Bill, and then the gentleman will see if she knows you."

Bill extended his grimy hand, and the sagacious,

sagacious, tractable animal, instantly raised her right foot.

The people shouted.

"There, now," exclaimed Peter, "I learnt her to do that, and I should know our Jenny all the world over."

Again the boy was execrated as a liar, and poor Bill's smutty hands were released from the poney's neck by the groom, who was ordered to horse-whip the boys away, if they did not march off quietly.

So, once more kissing Jenny affectionately, and shaking hands with her, the boys, still sticking firm to the truth of their assertion, took up their bag and brushes, and walked grinning and magging away, to the no small mortification of the *pompous tandem sporter*, who, with
all

all his idle falsehoods, was obliged to sneak from the voice of public' ridicule, completely derided and exposed by the sudden metamorphose of his *fifty-guinea leader* being changed into a chimney sweeper's *soot-paney*.

THE SHOE-BLACK.

I HAD frequently, in my rambles to the Pier, observed an industrious shoe-black and his wife, singing merrily over their brushes and kettle, surrounded by a great quantity of boots and shoes; but to-day I missed the woman, and her husband's song had ceased.

He was, however, still indefatigably brushing and scraping, but the fellow looked pitiful.

"Where's your wife," asked I.

"She's a-bed of a boy, Sir!" And he caught up the corner of his old black yarn apron, to wipe of a tear as he spoke.

"And.

“And is she well and comfortable?”

“Oh, yes, as well as can possibly be expected, Sir; but as to *comfort*, it won't afford her much, to see me dragged to jail.”

Again, another ungovernable tear dropped on the shining shoe he was laboriously brushing, and his voice seemed lost.

“And what are you going to jail for?” asked I.

“For losing, or rather, being robbed of, a pair of new boots belonging to a terrible sharp gentleman; and he says, if I don't pay him thirty shillings by next Saturday, he'll clap me into jail. Lord, Sir, its as much as we can get bread, from day to day, and pay for a rug and a truss of straw in a garret. There's my poor wife and baby laying, half starving and
naked

naked, it would make any good Christian's heart ache to see them. I don't care about myself—'tis the poor sick creature frets me; and if I'm dragged away she must die, for work she can't, now, and so I told the gentleman; but he swears I'm a thief, and if he cannot have his property he'll have me, and so, what's to be done I don't know."

The fellow's avowal of his troubles seemed so honest, and the description of his miserable lodging was so truly touching, added to the affection I had ever marked him bestowing on his wife, and the tender concern he expressed for her present situation, that humanity seemed to say, "Canst thou not relieve him?"

Not disapproving the hint, I encouraged the propensity of nature, and proffered him the little sum.

He

He glanced a longing eye at it. "Alas, good Sir," said he, "I can't accept it, for God knows when it would be in my power to repay you, for I couldn't save more than a shilling a week, and that would be a longful time before I could get such a debt off my shoulders, and would fret me sick into the bargain, if things were to run cross, and I could not keep my word."

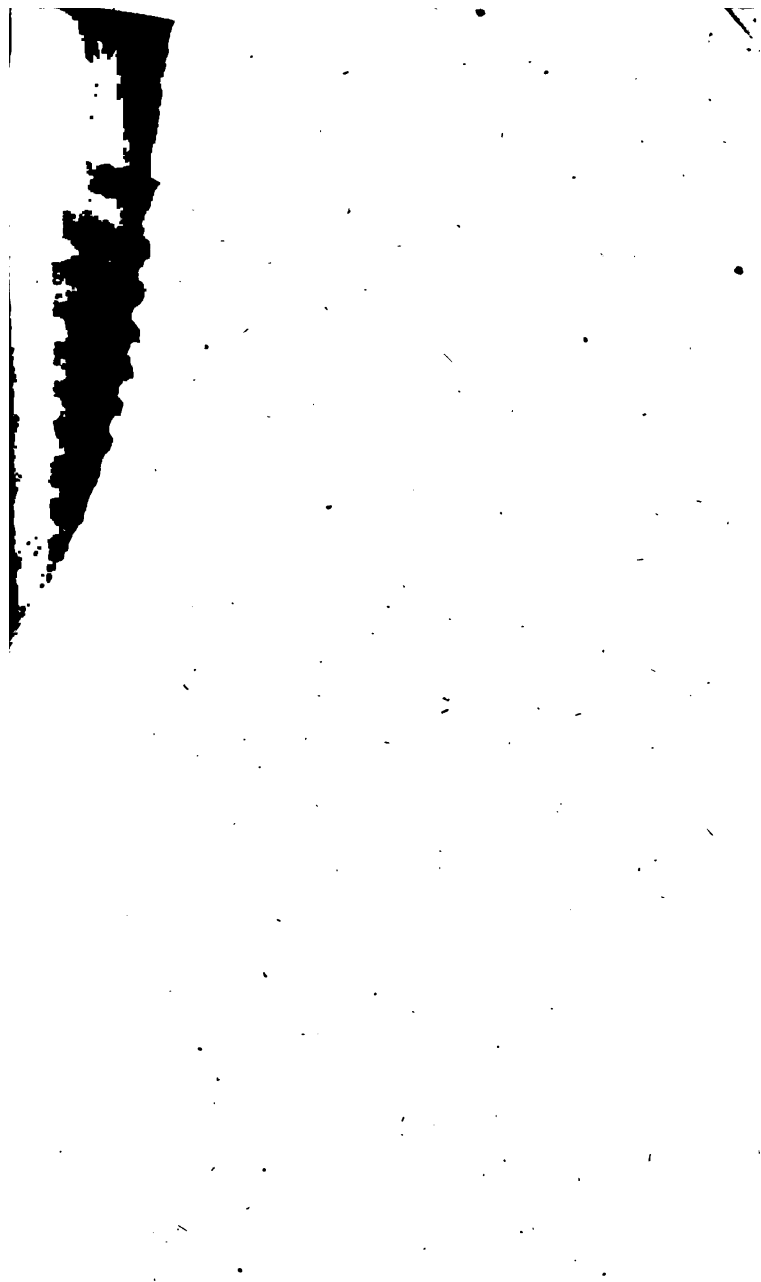
"Thou'rt an honest fellow," said I, chucking the money into his apron; "make thyself happy; pay thy debt cheerfully, and when I want the money again, I'll give thee due notice, so that its re-imbursement shall neither cost thee embarrassment or uneasiness."

The shoe-black seemed petrified;—he laid down his work;—he seized the glittering mite between his clasped hands;—he blessed me in such pathetic accents,

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 ... No man can be said to know the
 ... but him, who, in the
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 ... of doing good.



that he thrilled my very soul, and I left him packing up his basket of paraphernalias, to go and pay the debt; while, with the overplus, I had the satisfaction to meet him an hour afterwards, carrying home a *pound of mutton on a skewer*, for his wife's dinner, while in the highest glee he assured me, he had got also a *quartern of Irish butter* and an *ounce of bohea*, which, with half a brown loaf, would be a *high treat* to poor Sally.

Many a poor wretch might have acknowledged the same, but no one could have been more grateful; nor was I ever better pleased in relieving a fellow-creature. No man can be said to know the value of a guinea, but him, who, in relieving a child of misery, experiences the exquisite luxury of doing good.

END OF VOL. III.



